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Poetry.

THAT WIFE OF MINE.

She met me at the door last night,
All dainty, fresh and smiling,
And threw her plump arms round me tight,
In memory most beguiling.
Then, in her sweet, impulsive way,
She hugged me and she kissed me,
And told me how the live-long day
She'd thought of me, and missed me.

She helped me off with coat and hat,
And led me, still close-clinging,
Into the dining-room, and sat
Down at the table singing.
The meal was posted—but fresh-cut flow'rs,
The fire-light warm and rosy,
Made all seem bright; swift flew the hours
And we were, oh! so cosy.

Then, after dinner, she and I
Sang the old songs together
We used to sing in days gone by—
My heart was like a feather.
Our happiness made earth a heaven,
And now, as I review it,
I recollect 'twas past 11,
Almost before we knew it.

We sat there on the sofa then,
She nestling close beside me;
Softly she smoothed my hair, and when
I kissed her did not chide me.
She fondly pinched my cheeks, and so,
Her dimpled hand upon it,
She whispered: "Darling, do you know
I need a new spring bonnet?"

JOHN B. GOUGH.

BY MRS. E. J. RICHMOND.

Died on the field of battle,
In conflict with the foe,
The field o'er which the angels
Are flying to and fro.
No footman's tread with smote him,
The soldier true and grand,
Whose battle-cry has been, "For
God, Home, and Native Land."
But the brave heart was weary;
God saw he needed rest,
And sent a bright-winged angel
To call him to His breast.
The "loved disciple" long ago
Was there, and found in Him his peace;
And the brave and toil-worn soldier
Has gained a sweet release.
A wail of bitter mourning
From sea-lands doth rise,
But it cannot dismay the hopeful
Or welcome from the skies,
"To him that overcometh,"
This is the strain they sing,
"He shall have power forever
In the city of the King."
And the thousands he has rescued
Shall join the loud acclaim,
And bless him for the work he wrought
In the Redeemer's name.

BEREAVED.

BY F. B. PLIMPTON.

He walks the earth with downcast eyes,
In which are sorrow and the pain
That softens in heart-easing rain.

The tumult of the busy world,
Its noisy strife and toil, he hears;
It fills upon unheeding ears.

For what to him are greed and gain
Who, mourning, lies in the wattled cove,
Broods o'er the vacant nest of love?

Our Story Teller.

LITTLE MAB:

AN ENGLISH CINDERELLA

There are more Cinderellas nowadays than the world imagines! The old story is enacted under different circumstances, with varying details, in many an English household. The daughters of the land may be fair, but there are too many of them, perhaps, for the anxious, maneuvering mother to pilot among the shoals and quicksands of society. Now and then a younger is kept out in the cold for a little; forbidden to cross the borderland between the school-room and the drawing-room—not exactly forced to sit in ashes, but repressed, hidden away in the dim background. There may be reasons, plenty of worldly wisdom in this, and yet the girl-woman is apt to wax rebellious; her sister's triumphs fill her with envy. All sorts of radiant visions of possible and impossible delights seem to beckon to her from that unknown world. Why must she, poor little Cinderella, waste her sweet bloom unseen and unheeded?

One fears Mabel Templeton had some such thoughts as these as she watched half sadly, half enviously, the progress of her sister's toilets; one bright June afternoon, and with the aid of two or three well-filled trunks, into each of which Rosalie was depositing a perfectly new and dainty ball dress. For Mr. Templeton had consented to take his two elder daughters to Oxford for the Commemoration; and though there was no mother in this case, Aunt Selina, who was also of the party, had flatly refused to act as chaperon to more than two nieces at a time.

"Disagreeable old thing!" muttered Cinderella, with a curtjof her pretty lips. She was trying to brave out her disappointment in this fashion, but tears lay very near the surface, for the poor girl's heart was very sore. "It is such a shame, too, when Owen is my own brother, and I have never seen a ball-room, or his cap and gown, and papa took you both last year."

"Yes, but it was not Commemoration time; everything was as slow and stupid as possible," returned Violet placidly. "Don't be cross, Mab; neither Pauline nor I can help Aunt Selina's fads. You know papa does not like us to cross her, because she is so rich. It was not possible for me to put in a word."

She spoke in a tone of good-natured banter, and patted her young sister's shoulder kindly as she passed.

"Don't, Vi!" returned Mab, rather irritably. "It is all very well, your saying that about Aunt Selina, but you know that neither you nor Pauline said one word—you never even mentioned me. And I've been begged so hard that I should go this year."

"Oh, Mab! how tiresome you are!" observed Pauline, as Mab paused in her indignant speech. All the Templeton girls were handsome; but though Pauline was very fair and stately, one or two old friends of the family had predicted that Mab would bear the palm. "I wish you would not provoke me into saying it, but I must own that I think aunt is quite right, and three would be too many. It is not our turn this year, but next Commemoration, who knows?—and here she stopped to survey herself in the glass.

Mabel gave a little stamp with her foot, but she had a sweet nature on the whole, and was slowly resolved not to give vent to the feelings that oppressed her. She was cross, she knew—dreadfully cross—but, oh! if they only imagined what this disappointment meant to her, how really unhappy she was. But that was just what she could not own to any one.

Mab had her own little secret, though she was only 18, and neither Pauline nor Violet would allow that she was quite grown up. Why, it was only this week that the governess had been dismissed. And she was quite right in her surmise that neither of her sisters wished to include her in their party. It is difficult for a girl to be perfectly honest on all occasions. Mab was hardly telling the truth that is the present month, when she alleged her fondness for Owen and her desire to see him in his undergraduate garb, as her reason for wishing to go to Oxford. Owen was certainly very dear to her, but it may be doubted if some one were not becoming dearer still.

Last vacation Owen had brought a friend home with him, and the two had been a great deal in the school-room, where Mab studied some portion of lessons with Miss Dalton. Nevertheless, her demure manners in the drawing-room of an evening were as grown up as Pauline's could be.

What would Mr. Beauchamp think when he saw only Violet and Pauline? And yet he had begged her so earnestly to come down for a week.

"You will be out then," he had said quite eagerly. "Miss Dalton tells me she is to leave in June."

"Oh yes. I shall be out then. I am quite grown up now," Mab assured him with much naïveté and a little dignity; but she blushed like a rose over the young man's next words.

"Very well, I shall look for you, and you must give me your first dance at the university ball. I will dance with no one else until you appear. Do not disappoint me. I shall know what to think if I see you. It will show you care a little for my wishes, in spite of all your teasing—for you have teased me sadly, have you not, Miss Mab?"

But to this Mabel made no sort of rejoinder, except by that blush.

She sat and thought about it all when the carriage had taken them at last to the station, and she was left alone in the stuffy, deserted drawing-room. Miss Dalton was gone, all the lesson books were put away, she was a grown-up young lady, as she said. Her time was her own. At the present moment she was mistress of that great house, and had half a dozen servants at her command. When the carriage came back she was at liberty to get into it, and order the coachman to convey her round the park. Her sisters might be shocked, perhaps, at such independence, but then they should not have left her. And yet, in spite of all this freedom and grandeur, no Cinderella sitting among the ashes could have felt more forlorn or miserable.

Owen, dear old fellow, would be bitterly disappointed, for Mab was his special sister; but as he would be coming back with them, such disappointment would be borne. But what would Mr. Beauchamp think when he saw only her sisters? That she had not cared to come—that his wishes were nothing to her—that she meant only teasing and fun, and nothing else. And all that after his kindness to her, "the little Faerie Queen," as he called her at a Christmas party.

"Oh, it is too hard! It is bitterly hard!" sobbed the poor child. And though she was not imaginative, at least not more than other happy young girls, a dim, shadowy feeling came over her that it was just some such cross accident as this that had spoiled many an innocent young life, marring its fair beginnings and tangling its golden threads. "And I should not have minded—I should not have been half so miserable if I had not teased him so much, and made him look sad," finished Mab, in a little outburst of despair.

Any one who knew Ned Beauchamp's character would have believed she had cause for her fears. The young man had already gone away, sadly telling himself that Mab had only cared for him in the least; that he had laid his honest heart at her feet only to have it trampled upon.

"If she does not come I shall know what to think," he said to himself, rather bitterly, when she had bidden him a laughing good-by. But in all this he wronged her, for Mab was as true and faithful a little soul as ever breathed.

Mabel thought her ill-luck had reached its climax when her Uncle Powell was announced.

None of the girls cared for their Uncle Powell's visits. He was not excessively rich, like their Aunt Selina, from whom they had goodly expectations, so no one expected them to keep him in a good humor; and, though he was Mr. Templeton's half-brother, no two men could be more unlike. He was a small, wiry man, with a precise, methodical voice, and a manner that was somewhat dry and caustic, and which did not inspire his young relations with much affection, though they certainly had no reason to dislike him, for he was good to them in his own way and according to his lights. Like many other elderly people, his heart was a great deal softer than his words.

He looked at Mab rather sharply as he entered—the little girl's red eyes and pale cheeks did not escape him—but he asked no questions, leaving Mab to explain rather lamely the reason for her solitude.

"So they have left you alone," he remarked, curtly. "That is rather dull at your age, eh? Do you mean to allow yourself any dinner, Miss Housekeeper, and do you think you could spare me a little?—for I have been about town all day, and am about famished."

Mab replied, a little reluctantly, that she would go and see. Oh, yes, she was sure there was enough for both—Pauline was never stingy in her menage. But as she accomplished her errand, her conscience pricked her for want of ready hospitality.

What if she were unhappy—other people must have their dinners. Uncle Powell was an old man—old, very old, quite 55, and he joked terribly at times in spite of Violet's sarcasms about his old-fashioned whiskers, and the ridiculous cut of his waistcoats, he had always been kind to her, bringing her little presents, and showing her little attentions. He would do it rather awkwardly, and his voice would be a little gruff; but, after all, it is not every one who has a placeable manner.

These reflections were so salutary that Mab tripped up stairs, bathed her aching head with eau-de-Cologne, put on her fresh white gown, though she had only an old uncle for her vis-a-vis, and putting away her sad thoughts with a brave effort, sat herself to entertain the unwelcome guest.

Now the dinner was very good, and Mr. Templeton's dessert was excellent, and Mab made the prettiest little hostess possible, in spite of those tell-tale traces on her eyelids; and, as the soft, childish eyes raised themselves to his face with that pathetic, pained look in them, something seemed to tug at Uncle Powell's heart-strings.

"You were not quite happy, my dear little girl?" he said at last, in the kindest possible voice. "Tell me all about it, Mab."

And then, with some difficulty, he drew the whole story from her; only, of course, the Beauchamp part was suppressed, for there are some things that can not be told even to the kindest uncle.

The summer twilight was stealing through the room, and Uncle Powell's face was in shadow as he listened to Mab's artless narrative. When she had finished—and he had not interrupted her by a single murmur—he seemed revolving the whole matter carefully in his mind, for it was some minutes before he gave vent to his thoughts.

"Humph! just like you, Aunt Selina! A selfish, worldly woman—as I always told Ralph. Mab pray what harm would it have done her to have taken you as well? I'll be bound Pauline and Violet backed her up in her selfishness, girls are so inconsiderate. I hate such stuck up doings."

Mab began to cry.

"Never mind, Mab! You shall not spoil your pretty eyes while you have your uncle to protect you. You have been a good girl this evening, and you shall not lose your treat. We will do them finely, Mab, and Owen shall help us. They are at the Randolph, you say? Very well, I will telegraph for rooms at the Mitre. You just go and pack up your fineries, and we will go down by the same train to-morrow."

"Uncle—oh, Uncle," Mab could hardly hardly bring out the exclamation, she was so breathless. "Oh, Uncle, what do you mean?"

"I mean just what I say, and say what I mean. And I will come and fetch you to-morrow, as sure as my name is Anthony Powell."

"But Uncle," stammered poor Mab flushing and paling by turns: "Papa and Pauline—what will they say? Will they see me? Pauline will be so angry, and Violet will laugh and be sarcastic."

"Let them laugh!" returned Uncle Powell, shortly. "Bless me, Mab!—a little testily—"I suppose I may give my niece a treat if I like. Your father and I will make that all right, so the women need not interfere. If Pauline speaks to me I shall tell her my mind pretty plainly, so put all this nonsense out of your head. I want to see Oxford and so do you, so we will just have our little trip together."

Mab's only answer to this was to throw her arms around his neck and kiss him, as certainly she had never kissed him in her life. Perhaps Mab's cheek was a little wet. Uncle Powell cleared his throat rather huskily after that, and he even stroked her hair as he bade her good night.

It was a radiant Mab who was watching for Uncle Powell next morning, as he drove up with his portmanteau. The passengers on the Paddington platform looked half curiously and half admiringly at the bright face peeping out of the pretty shady hat. No little brook purled faster than Mab talked all the way to Oxford.

But she grew more sober when they reached their destination. As no one expected them, there was no one, of course, to meet them at the station. Mab, who was yearning for a sight of Owen's bright boyish face, felt unreasonably damped at this. And there was a further disappointment in store for her, for when after luncheon they went straight to Magdalen in search of him, the young undergraduate's rooms were empty.

"Oh, I forgot," exclaimed Mab, with a sad droop of her lip; "it is the flower-show at Worcester, and of course he has taken them there."

"Never mind; we will charter a fly and follow them," returned Uncle Powell, briskly, not liking to see the cloud on the girl's face; but she bowed her head disconsolately at this.

"We have no tickets; we should not be admitted; all that has to be arranged beforehand."

And then she said, with an effort, but very sweetly:

"Never mind, dear uncle, we shall find Owen by and by; and I am glad to see his rooms. How pretty and cosy he has made them! The scout says he is expecting some people to tea. Do you think," rather timidly, "that we might walk about a little and come back later on?"

And as Uncle Powell pronounced this an excellent idea, Mab adjusted her hat, and they sauntered out together, turning their steps in the direction of Addison's Walk.

The Templeton girls were not enjoying themselves this afternoon. In the first place, it was rather hot, and Aunt Selina was tired. Then Owen was in one of his sulky moods, and had not offered to introduce any of his friends. He had turned rusty from the moment that he had met them at the station and found Mab was not with them.

"What a shame, leaving the poor little thing alone at home!" he had blurted out. "I call that confoundedly hard of you women!"

"Hush! Aunt Selina will hear you!" remonstrated Violet, rather alarmed at this tragical vehemence.

"I don't care who hears me!" retorted Owen. "That is so like you girls. You are always putting on Mab, just because you know you can not either of you hold a candle to her!" Which was rude to say the least of it; but then brothers will be rude sometimes, in spite of Oxford training.

To add to their discomfiture, Ned Beauchamp had come up to them a little eagerly, and had at once questioned them about Mab.

"I don't see your sister, but she is here, of course," trying to speak as if the question were of no moment to him, but flushing over his own words like a girl; but Pauline, who was too self-absorbed to be observant, returned, quite carelessly:

"Mab is at home at Portchester Terrace; there was no thought of her coming. What a curious orchid, Mr. Beauchamp; I have never seen one like that before."

Ned Beauchamp looked at the orchid and said a civil word or owo, and then detached himself from the party with a muttered excuse; he had only just come to show himself; it was awfully hot; he must go back and work.

"Helloa! why is Ned Beauchamp taking himself off?" exclaimed Mr. Templeton, in surprise, as he joined his eldest daughter; but Pauline only shrugged her shoulders and looked amazed.

"I don't know, papa; he seems to be a little odd and bearish to-day! He used to be pleasant though when he stayed at Portchester Terrace; but young men will give themselves airs sometimes."

"And so will young ladies, my dear," returned her father, rather maliciously. "Well, well, young people must manage their own affairs. Anyhow, Ned Beauchamp is a capital fellow, and worth a little trouble. Why, he has fifteen hundred a year of his own now, and when his uncle dies he will have as much again. So you and Violet had better do your best," continued Mr. Templeton, with the heavy raillery in which certain men of a coarse caliber love to indulge.

When Ned Beauchamp had made that excuse about his work, he had lost himself at once among the crowd near the entrance gate. Flowers were all very well, but he had no longer any heart for them. Mab had played him false.

People looked after the tall, broad-shouldered young fellow, with his handsome, moody face, and many would have greeted him, but he looked neither to the right nor left. There was a dull, heavy pain in his heart, a sense of humiliation and defeat that was driving him nearly wild. A sweet girlish face had bewitched him; he was ready to give all he had in the world—not only his money, but himself and his honest, manly heart—to this girl, and she wanted none of it. She had promised to come—at least if silence gives consent—and now she had played him false; his wishes were nothing to her; he had told her he should know what to think. Well, he knew what to think now!

So the foolish young fellow argued with himself, never dreaming in his man's philosophy that possibly there might be another side to all this.

He had reached Magdalen Cloisters by this time, but the thought of work was odious to him, so he turned through the inner gate into the shadowy coolness of Addison's Walk.

It had never looked so deliciously inviting as it did this afternoon. The deer were clustered together in a shady nook in the park, the birds were twittering overhead, quite lost among the green leaves; the golden sunlight quivered through the thick foliage; the long vista of trees stretched endlessly before him, like love and youth, merging into a sunshiny horizon; everywhere green leaves, bird music, sparkles of sunlight, and the clear summer blue of heaven above all.

The walk seemed strangely empty this afternoon. Ned had only passed one person—a thick-set gray-haired man, who was poking his stick among the periwinkles, and took no notice of him. A little farther on there was a bench, with a girl sitting on it in a gray dress, and a hat with daffodils; but Ned was in no mood for curiosity, so he never turned his head. Only as he passed the girl started up and called to him in an eager voice:

"Oh, please stop, Mr. Beauchamp! We want to know where Owen is. And—and—and I beg pardon for startling you so; but you need not have passed me."

Mab was stammering sadly in her confusion, but it was the sudden look of joy in Ned's eyes that made her trip over her words. And why had he caught hold of her hands in that quick, excited way?

"Oh, Mab, is it really you? and why did your sister say you had not come? I thought you had played me false? I thought—oh! I can not tell you how mad and unhappy I felt—and you were here all the time, my darling."

Well, it was good of Uncle Powell to stand with his back to them so long, feeding the periwinkle leaves, when they had so much to tell each other. Mab cried again a little as she poured her story into Ned's ear—her despair when they had driven away and left her—her sorrow at having teased him—her terror lest he should have misconstrued her absence—the beneficent comforter in the person of Uncle Powell.

"Never mind, my Faerie Queene," Ned had said, comforting her. "I should soon have learned the truth, for I had just made up my mind to ask for leave, and run up to Portchester Terrace. I know it would not have been right in your father's absence, but I could not have rested without hearing from your own lips why you had not come. You would not have been long unhappy, but now it is much better as it is. But here comes your uncle, and I must thank him for bringing you, and then we must go in search of Owen."

There was a weary and somewhat silent little party in Owen's room. Mr. Templeton was yawning visibly, and Aunt Selina was cross. Pauline and Violet looked bored and a little offended, Owen had asked none of his friends to meet them, he was taking no trouble to amuse them.

"I asked Beauchamp—confound the fellow, I wonder why he does not turn up," retorted Owen, rather irritably.

"There, I think I hear him now—there are certainly footsteps," observed Violet, willing to mollify her brother—and Pauline smoothed her dress. Yes, there were footsteps. Ned's face appeared at the door, smiling and radiant.

"Owen, old fellow, I have brought you some visitors," he said, joyously; and at that moment a little figure in a grey dress darted forward and rushed up to the astonished Owen.

"I have come, dear. Uncle Powell has brought me. Oh, my dear Owen, are you not glad to have me—Papa and Pauline, and—ah—Violet too." And here Mab confronted them, half shyly and half laughing—"Oh, please, do not be angry, anybody!" throwing out her hands with a pretty appealing gesture for mercy.

One of them was at once taken and held fast by Ned.

"No one shall be angry with you, Mab, while I am here," observed this very audacious young man. "Owen, tell your sister sister she is welcome, and Mr. Powell will explain all the rest."

And so he did,—to Mab's and her father's entire satisfaction.

A Long Farewell.

Last night a little Massachusetts avenue boy was saying his prayers at his mother's knee, and just before reaching the end he stopped.

"Go on, Freddie," said his mother, "you haven't finished yet."

"Bless papa and mamma," he continued, "and now good-by, God, Lent is over, and I guess you won't hear from us again till this time next year, amen."—*Washington Critic.*

Exercises for the Thoughtful.

See the man!
And he smiles!
The day is hot, but the man is cool.
Why is it?
He has put on his gauze clothes, and has locked up his thick ones.
He thinks that the spring has sprung.
Is the man wise?
No. The man is a dam phool.

Thought She Was Wanted.

Mrs. B. is one of those energetic, quick-motioned women, who carry their work by assault. One day she had started across the room on some errand, but midway forgot what it was. "What was I going for?" she asked aloud. Two-year-old, seated on the floor, and always liable to be swept up in one of her mother's hurricane passages, asked meekly, "Was-oo-goin'-for me?"

Humor.

CRANKS AT THE MINT.

Silly Men and Women Hunting for Mythical Millions.

Lots of cranks visit the Philadelphia Mint. The majority look sensible, and are well dressed, but some can be identified as insane at the distance of a block, and the attire of these are in keeping with their disordered intellects. Men and women who are a little "gone in the upper story," as the poet puts it, go to the Mint usually with but one errand—to collect thousands of millions of dollars which they firmly believe is there deposited to their credit. Most of them are from the city, or vicinity, but once in a while one puts in an appearance who has come a goodly distance by rail to get money supposed to be all ready. By long and painful experience the jolly chief usher of the Mint has been led to adopt one unvarying mode of treating his cranky visitors. He don't fling them into the street. He don't even order them away, or advise them to go to a place where intellects are cheaply repaired, but instead, he agrees to all they say, acknowledges that there are tens of thousands of millions of dollars, as the case may be, waiting for them, and then gets rid of them by some polite excuse for temporary delay in payment of their claim, or sends them upon fool's errands to see government officials who exist only in imagination.

Yesterday a lady with a wall eye, a ragged, black cloak and a bushy head of uncombed hair, walked up the Chestnut street steps of the mint, and demanded to be introduced to the "treasurer of the United States."

"He is out," said the chief usher, who had had a painful previous experience with this visitor.

"When will he be in?" she asked, fiercely.

"I don't know, madame."

"Show me the chief clerk!"

"He has gone to lunch."

"When will he be in?"

"In a couple of hours. Call again."

"I'll wait," said the lady with the unfurnished skull. "I have $25,000 here on deposit. I'm going to draw it to-day. No nonsense, young man," and she sat firmly down upon a leather-covered chair.

By persuading her to let her money lie a day or two in order to "draw interest" she was induced to depart.

Not long ago a clean-shaven gentleman, 40 or 45, well dressed, looking the typical man of business, came to the Mint and asked to see the cashier. He was taken to that official's office.

"I am Gen Jackson," said the visitor, "and have several millions on deposit here, placed to my credit by my friend, the Baron Alphonse de Rothschild, of Paris."

"Ah, General, glad to see you. Be seated. Your money's all right."

"But I want to take it away."

"Now?"

"Right off."

"I am sorry," said the official, "but the fact is we have nothing we could give you except silver. Your deposit would fill several wagons. Leave your address and we will send it."

"Gen. Jackson" thanked his informant, wrote John — —, 11 — Ghard avenue; and left in the confident expectation of seeing his three millions carted home.

Some years ago, when the chief usher of the Mint hadn't had very much experience with cranks, a wild-eyed gentleman, with a spare body and fierce moustache, strode into the mint and asked for $100,000 which he said he had left there.

"Get out. You have no money here."

"Do you think I'm a fool? Don't I know what's what? I tell you the money belongs to me. Hand it over, or I'll——" And the visitor stepped forward, glowing with indignation, with his fist upraised.

He had taken a train that day to Chestnut street wharf, where his money was due at 2 p. m. by a Trenton steamer.

A Boston Story.

J. is a young wide-awake business man on State street. Sauntering about at the Art Club exhibition recently he chanced to meet a friend, a deaf mute, who was conversing with a companion in sign language. Greeting J. cordially, the deaf mute drew out a pocket pad and pencil, and after a brief pencil and paper conversation introduced his companion by the same means and shortly after withdrew.

J. and the gentleman studied the pictures pleasantly for twenty minutes or more, meanwhile covering the backs of sundry envelopes and scraps of paper with their pencilings, when a fourth character in this little drama came upon the scene, a friend of J.'s new-made acquaintance.

"Hello, George!" said the new-made acquaintance to the newcomer, familiarly, "how do you like the pictures this year?"

"Thunder and Mars!" exclaimed J. in surprise, "can you talk?"

"Well, I should say so," said the gentleman, equally surprised, as he suddenly put away pencil and paper. "Ain't you deaf and dumb?"

"Not by a good deal," J. replied, thrusting into his pocket an envelope nearly covered with pencil marks, "but I'll kill dummy next time I meet him."

The joke was too good to keep, and the newcomer let it out upon the earliest occasion.

Legal Assistance.

"I sent you an account of $25 for collection, said a man, coming into the office of a Dakota lawyer.

"Yes, you did."

"What success have you had?"

"Sued him last week and got it."

"That's good. Give me the money and tell me the amount of your fees, and I'll pay you."

"My fees are $50. I have given you credit for the $25 collected—pay me another $25 and we'll be square."

"What!" gasped the man, "I don't see where I am making anything by collecting the debt."

"Nothing, my dear sir, from a money point of view, but you have the satisfaction of knowing that a dishonest man has been brought to justice! No man uses our own pleasure about paying that $25 now; I took the precaution to commence suit against you for the amount this morning. —*Estelline Bell.*

That Was Different.

"Let me see some of your black kid gloves?" said Mrs. Snaggs to a clerk at the Fifth avenue store.

"These are not the latest style,are they?" she asked, when the gloves were produced.

"Yes madam," said the clerk. "We have had them in stock only two days."

"I didn't think they were, because the fashion paper says that black kids have tan stitches and *vice versa*. I see the tan stitches but not the *vice versa*."

The clerk explained that *vice versa* was French for seven buttons, and Mrs. Snaggs bought the gloves.—*Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph.*

Above Par.

When a boy from the country goes to Austin and becomes a student at the University, he immediately shucks his country clothes and blossoms out as a dude. If he doesn't pile on a great deal of style the other students boycott him. He is also expected to associate only with high-class people—that is, such as wear good clothes.

"Tom," said Bill Yardly to Tom Anjerry, "the boys are very much disgusted with your conduct."

"What have I been doing now?"

"You have not quit going around with that old tramp."

"I can't well get out of showing him some little attention while he is in town."

"Why can't you shake him?"

"I don't mind telling you in strict confidence that he is my father. Don't give me away now, Bill."

"I won't. It shan't go any father."—*Texas Siftings.*

She Needed a Good Lawyer.

Not long since Mrs. Belva Lockwood, the lawyer, was arguing a case before Justice Carter. She didn't get on very well, and every point she took the justice told her she could not take that point. Mrs. Lockwood was harassed and nervous. She threw up her hands and exclaimed, in a fine, full voice: "Well, will your honor tell me what I can do?" "G-g-go out and re-tain a good l-l-l-aw-yer and get him to t-t-t-eil you," stammered the justice, with a jolly twinkle in his eye.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

Mumm's the Word.

"Dan," remarked Grover after the Indiana delegation had passed out, "those Hoosiers were very noisy, it seems to me."

"They were, sire," replied Dan.

"What did you give them to drink—regular old Jeffersonian simplicity?"

"No, sire, they all took Mumm."

"Ah! Then that accounts for the noise."—*Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph.*

Miscellany.

A BAD BLUNDER.

A Caller Who Awoke an Officer's Wrath by His Carelessness.

If the apparition of George Washington had walked boldly into the parlor there couldn't have been a greater consternation than there was in the house of a retired army officer at the West End last week when the card of a caller was presented to the family at the dinner table. The door bell rang, and when the servant who answered it returned to the dining room he bore a little silver tray, upon which lay a white piece of pasteboard.

The general put on his specs and picked up the card. His face turned white, he jumped from the table as if a bomb-shell had entered one of the ports, upset a plate of soup and exclaimed:

"By the beard of the prophet, where in thunder did you get this card?" or words to that effect.

"The gentleman is in the drawing-room, sir," replied the frightened darkey.

The old General has the rheumatism pretty badly, and usually hobbles along on a cane, but he started for the parlor like a stag hound on the heels of an antelope, with his wife and family pell-mell after him, in a state of consternation at his mysterious behavior. As the General entered the parlor he was confronted by a young officer of the army, who arose quietly and began:

"I am sorry to ——"

But that was as far as he got. The General's pallor had turned to crimson, and, interrupting the apology of the caller, he roared in a voice loud enough to be heard at Cabin John's bridge:

"Blankety blank you, sir, what in the name of George Washington and Andrew Jackson do you mean by sending in this card to me, sir? How dare you, sir, get off your blankety blank idiotic jokes on me, sir?" and he continued for some seconds in the same strain, until the fumes of brimstone seemed to be curling around the chandelier, and there was every indication that the old warrior would go off in a fit of apoplexy before he finished.

Meantime the young officer and the members of the family were protesting and remonstrating, and trying in vain to quiet the old man down so as to get some explanation of his extraordinary conduct.

After great difficulty he was persuaded to explain, and held out the card he had kept in his hand during the riot. Then the cause of his excitement was seen. The engraved words upon the card read: "Winfield S. Hancock, Major General, U. S. A."

And with great mortification the young officer explained that he had been carrying one of the late General's cards as a precious memento and handed it to the servant by mistake. The object of his visit was not explained. The old general, who is more than usually superstitious, was in a condition of physical and mental collapse, and when the innocent cause of his agitation left the house his wife and family were trying to get him to bed.—*Washington Capital.*

The Tarheel's Opinion of the Animals.

Sen. Van Wyck is distinguished for being the most bow-legged man in Congress, and it is one of the traditions of the country he comes from that his pantaloons are cut with a circular saw. The result is that these garments are conspicuous for a baggy appearance when they reach the window sill. The other day Sen. Vance called the attention of a group of his colleagues to this phenomenon, and remarked:

"I never got a rear view of old Crazy Horse without thinking of the story of an old tarheel down in North Carolina, who went to a circus for the first time in his life. After the animals were all in the ring sitting around the tavern fire one evening relating his experience to a group of his cronies, and, regarding them with an air of superiority under which they were meekly inquisitive, one of them timidly asked:

"Did you see the bar at the circus, Uncle Zeke? Did you see the bar?"

"Yaas," responded the old man solemnly, "I done seen the bar."

"What sort of a bar was it, Uncle Zeke?"

"Wall, I never done see a bar afore, but I low it mought be a right smart of a bar."

"Did you see the lion, Uncle Zeke?"

"Yaas, I done seen the lion."

"What sort of a lion was it, Uncle Zeke?"

"Wall, I never done seen a lion afore, but I low that it mought be a right smart of a lion."

"Did you see the camel, Uncle Zeke?"

"Yaas, I done seen the camel."

"What sort of a camel was it, Uncle Zeke?"

"Wall, I never seen a camel afore, but I low that it mought be a right smart of a camel."

"Did you see the elephant, Uncle Zeke?"

"Yaas, I done seen the elephant."

"What sort of an elephant was it?"

"Waal, I never done seen an elephant afore, an' I low that it mought be a right smart of an elephant; but it peared to me as if he had a heap o' slack leather about his pants."—*Washington Capital.*

Dog-Goned Provoking.

A telephone conversation is not often intesting to auditors, as it is too one-sided—the theme is so disconnected, as it were. Here is one that was taken down by shorthand to-day and put on record:

Reporter at the office telephone—

"Hello, Central, give me No. 1296, please."

"Hello, is that Mr. Gimp?"

"This is Scribble. You know I wrote a little advertisement for you about your lost dog this morning?"

"Well, it seems you made a mistake and sent a copy to the business office, also, making a duplicate. I just now found it."

"No, not the dog, but the ad. If you say so I'll kill it."

"No, no; the ad, not the dog."

"Well, you'll find it this evening next to 'Houses for Rent.'"

"Of course I mean the ad, not the dog."

"And if you don't find it before to-morrow let me know."

"Oh thunder, no; I mean the dog."

"And we'll run it every day for a week for 50 cents."

"Jee whizz, no; the ad, I mean. What do you take me for, a small boy with an oyster can and a string? Good day, I'll ring off."

The Fastest Shaving on Record.

Chicago *Herald:* "Talking about quick shaves," said a passenger on a Rock Island suburban train, "I came down to the depot the other day just four minutes before train time. I ran into the shop across the way, kept by Mrs. Whatshername, and said: 'Gimme a three minute shave.' 'All right,' said she; 'sit down.' And I'll be darned if she didn't go over my face in good shape in just three minutes by the watch, and I got brushed off and caught my train nicely."

This stirred up the story-tellers. One man had been shaved in two minutes, another in a minute and a half, and so on.

"Just wait till you hear from me," said a low-browed, tough-looking passenger. "For seven years I shaved in a shop where one man run the razor for an average of 60 faces an hour. What do you think of that?"

"Impossible!" exclaimed several listeners in a chorus.

"No, it isn't impossible," continued the low-browed man. "This barber didn't do anything but use his razor. The men lathered their own faces while waiting their turn, and a boy handed him freshly honed razors. Seven or eight slashes was a shave, and the customers wiped their own faces after leaving the chair."

"How much did the barber charge a head?"

"Nothing; and he got no wages. He was the barber in Jeffersonville prison."

A Pretty Woman Needs No Chaperon.

"I am sorry you two ladies are going all that distance alone," I said to some friends going east some time ago. "If we see anybody on the train I know, I'll give you in his charge."

"Don't; I'd rather not," one of them answered.

"Why?"

"Because you always get more attention from strangers. We are all right. If we have any chaperon he'll be bored to death, and he we will be disagreeable all the way. If we have none, every man on the train will be at our service, and he'll only be to glad to attend to us."

"Well, I suppose you are right."

"Do you see that gentleman there? He's been quietly looking around to see what pretty women are on the train. Before we get to Forta Costa he'll be asking my sister if he can do anything for her. She's prettier than I am. But what he is willing to do for her he'll do for me to keep me sweet."—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Sold Into Marriage.

A remarkable custom exists among the Roumanians living in the westerly Carpathians. Every year, at the feast of the apostles Peter and Paul, a market is held on the crest of the Gaina, from 5,000 to 6,000 feet above the level of the sea, and here all the marriageable girls of the entire district assemble with their parents in order to be viewed and claimed. Mothers, aunts, grandmothers, and various other female friends contribute to the dowry, and this completed, it is carried to the market on the Gaina in neatly made trunks, decorated with flowers, and carried by the family's best horses. Cattle, bees, and other household requisites are also added to the dowry.

On the Gaina every family which has a marriageable daughter occupies a distinct tent, in which the dowry is exhibited, and in which the bride-viewers are expected. The bachelors, too, are accompanied by parents or relatives, in whose company they inspect the girls who are eligible. The young men bring the best they possess, and each must particularly come with a girdle of gold or silver.

After the brides are chosen the public betrothal takes place, being conducted by a hermit who lives in this lonely spot. The mark of betrothal is not a ring, but a beautifully embroidered handkerchief. The betrothal is in many cases prearranged; but it must be gone through with all the same. If a girl goes to the market knowing beforehand that an admirer will be there to claim her, so much the better for her. Still she must take her dowry and occupy her tent, and place herself on view like the rest.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Painting the Town Red.

A new origin for the term "painting the town red" has been dug out by Tom Jones, of the Harrisburg *Telegraph.* He has discovered in the archives of this state that William Penn gave 50 gallons of rum and 25 pounds of red paint to the Indians for a certain tract of land. Thereupon he comments: "Just imagine that tribe of Indians filling themselves up with that 50 gallons of rum and doing the great flecorating act with 25 pounds of red paint. Why, a cowboy toot or a Sagwa symposium are as nothing compared to the way the aborigines carmined the vicinity of the village wherein dwelt Billy Penn."

WAS IT IMMORAL?

The Author of "Poems of Passion" Justifies Their Warmth.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox in Lippincott's Magazine.

I had ceased to expect any sudden success in literature when I published "Poems of Passion." The intense excitement the book caused, the hue and cry raised against its alleged immorality, and the consequently remarkable sales, were all a stunning surprise to me. I had written of human nature as I had found it; I had no idea even that I was saying anything unusual. I meant to describe strong emotions strongly and with truth. Born into this world absolutely without caution, and with a blind faith in the good sense of people, I supposed the critics would say that I had written with force and fire and increased vigor, and with more finish than heretofore.

Instead, I was accused of outraging decency and violating the laws against immorality. I was an unmarried and still young woman. The abuse my book received was very bitter for me to bear, because I felt it to be unjust. One critic in a small Western paper (not far from my old home, declared that the book would damn me socially and intellectually. I am still a welcome guest in circles where he could not even obtain a position as valet unless I gave him a recommendation, and my book has brought me warm words of praise from the most celebrated people in the land. And the proceeds from its first sales enabled me to build over and enlarge the old home, rendering my ageing parents comfortable for life."

The letters I received after the appearance of the book were very amusing. One man wrote me. "I have just seen some namby-pamby verses of yours in the Independent. A woman who can write 'Poems of Passion' should not waste her talents on the goody-goody style of poetry, of which we have had too much already. The world wants fire, force and originality; you can give it; for God's sake do not be cowed down by fools of critics." In the same mail came another letter, saying, "It is a great misfortune for a woman with your talents to use them in producing such immoral verses as I find in 'Poems of Passion.' They should be dedicated to religion, temperance and reform." Both letters were from entire strangers. Two of the most valued and, as I had believed, most staunch friends cowered before the avalanche of abuse poured on the book and swelled the chorus with their denunciations. After it had become a great financial success, and many of the leading citizens of Milwaukee had given me a benefit in its honor, these two "friends" wrote me letters of apology, and confessed that they had been too hasty in their condemnation. Truly, "nothing succeeds like success."

It is a curious fact that the loudest denunciations of the book came from people whose lives were the most immoral. They construed the poems from their own standpoint, I suppose.

Naming Fast Trotters.

It is rather curious to trace out the origin of the names of many fast horses as entered in the trotting and pacing record. We all know how Maud S. and Jay Bee See came by their cognomens, but the origin of some of the others are known only to the older horsemen. Goldsmith Maid, for instance, was originally Goldsmith's mare, so called from

Recent Literature.

The question of what any particular passages in the Bible mean and to what use they are to be applied to in public teachings is of exceeding interest to every expositor of the scriptures, to say nothing of those who are studying the Bible for its own sake. The great preacher Spurgeon has given a work of this kind to the world, entitled "The Treasury of David: Containing an Original Exposition of the Psalms, etc.," a work in seven volumes, of which the seventh, including the psalms from the 125th to the 150th, has just been issued by Funk & Wagnalls, New York. This book, like the others, is eminently practical, and full of rich suggestion, and will be found exceedingly interesting and helpful. Mr. Spurgeon regards this as the great work of his life, one in which he has put his best efforts with the finest results.

The same house issues "The Story of a Timid Brave," which is an Indian title by William J. Harsha. The scene is laid in the far West, on the very borders of civilization, and is a vivid description of life among the Indians and first settlers. The wrongs practised upon the red men at some of the agencies are brought out in a glaring light, and origin and cause of some of the Indian wars are plainly shown. The story is a thrilling one.

"Temperance Teachings of Science," by A. B. Palmer, M. D., is a little book issued by the same publishing house. It has a well written introduction by Mary A. Livermore. No opinions are expressed as to the different methods of temperance work, but the object is to show to those who read it so plainly that they cannot doubt, that alcohol is harmful in any form whatever, and to induce a wise decision not to use it under any circumstances.

From Iga. Fischer, Toledo, O., comes a very pretty song, the words being the lovely little poem of Longfellow's, "Stay at Home My Heart and Rest," the music composed by W. A. Ogden. Price 35 cents.

"Consolation and Other Poems," by Abraham Perry Miller, is a collection of poems upon different subjects, published by Brentano Bros., New York. Beside the one that gives its name to the book, there are religious poems and those of the war period of our country, followed by a miscellaneous gathering, some of which are very pretty, and show the true poetic spirit.

One of the most important things for the welfare of a Sunday school is a song book that will answer to the needs of the young hearts of the members. "Gathered Jewels," published by W. W. Whitney, Toledo, O., will be found one of that kind. It is a selection made by W. A. Ogden, who is himself the author of many of the prettiest, and is adapted to social church gatherings as well as to the regular Sunday school meeting. The book contains 233 hymns and tunes, and is well gotten up in every way. Price 35 cents. Address the publisher.

"Heaven's Gate," by Lawrence Severn, is not only the name of a story but also of the estate of a well-to-do English gentleman, a Mr. DeClifford, whose son William, a lad of noble impulses but weak will, is made the central figure of interest. The DeClifford's are haughty aristocrats, and they hold a prominent place in the little community. Through a chain of circumstances William is drawn into companionship with the rector of the Established church, Fordyce, who is a man of strong character, and whose influence is of the greatest importance in shaping the life and strengthening the character of the young man. The story is skillfully told, and the lessons to be drawn from it are sufficiently plain without their being pointed out. D. Lothrop & Co., Boston.

Cassell & Co., New York, have added to their National Library the "Life and Adventures of Baron Trenck," in two volumes, each of the usual size of the series. These books are issued weekly at ten cents a number or for $5 a year.

Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston, send the following pieces of new music: "Yes or No." (30 cents.) Song and chorus by Stephen Massett. "Hey Dolly! Ho, Dolly!" (30 cents.) Song by G. Arlington. "Champion's Grand March." (30 cents.) W. O. Fiske. "Meeting of the Birds Polka." (30 cents.) By J. W. Wheeler. "Pierrot." (30 cents.) Song by Hutchison. "Caught." (30 cents.) Song by Romill. "Wooing." (30 cents.) Song by Edith Cooke. "The Eyes that Look With Love on Thee." (35 cents.) Ballad by Dr. O. P. Sweet.

The following forms the table of contents of the May number of the *New Princeton Review*, which completes the first volume: "Wordsworth's Passion," Titus Munson Coan; "Speech; its Mental and Physical Elements," M. Allen Starr; "The Seventh Petition," George Bancroft; "Egyptian Monotheism," C. Loring Brace; "The Present Position of Civil Service Reform," Theodore Roosevelt; "The Freedmen During the War," Gen. O. O. Howard; "The Novel of Our Times," F. N. Zabriskie; "Botany Bay," Annie Trumbull Slosson; "Criticisms, Notes and Reviews." A. C. Armstrong & Son, New York. $3 a year.

The April number of *Art and Decoration* is full of hints and suggestions for builders and furnishers, and also for the housekeeper who is fixing up her own home. The designs are all from good artists, and will work out well, both those for interior and exterior adornment. Published by the Art and Decoration Co., New York City. $2.50 a year or 25 cents a single number.

In the April issue of the *American Catholic Quarterly Review* published by Hardy & Mahony, Philadelphia, the leading article is entitled "The Roman Question," in which a prominent Catholic clergyman discusses the present condition of things in Italy, and and gives his idea of the possibility and probability of the restoration of the temporal power of the Pope. This is followed by "Art and Artists—Giorgio Vasari"; "Primitive Man and His Speech"; "The Church in Canada under the French Regime"; "Catholicity in Italy"; "God and Agnosticism"; "The Wage Question"; "The Church and Cremation" and several others of a timely character and full of interest.

From the Century Publishing Company, New York, comes the bound volume of the *St. Nicholas*, including the numbers from November, 1885, to April, 1886. As usual, it is gotten up in good style and forms a treasure trove for the young folks who are lucky enough to have it come into their hands.

In the "International Scientific Series," of D. Appleton & Co., New York, the last volume, or the 54th, which has just been issued, is entitled "Comparative Literature," by Hutcheson Macaulay Posnett, author of "The Historical Method," etc. The object of the book is to arouse a desire to study literature in a more rational way than hitherto, or to treat it as something of higher import to man than "pedantry devoted to the worship of words." He traces history, and endeavors to explain its rise upon scientific principles. The style of the book is pleasant, and it will be found most interesting reading and worthy of its place in this most excellent scientific series.

Literary Notes.

An admirably executed portrait of Mr. Brander Matthews is the frontispiece of the current number of the *Book Buyer*.

"Haschisch" is the title of a new novel which will soon be brought out by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. The plot involves the employment of the drug in the detection of crime.

The second volume of Mr. William Winter's dramatic series will be issued in a week or two by Mr. C. J. Coombes. It will contain a biography of Mary Anderson, supplemented by Mr. Winter's critical papers on the actress's various impersonations.

A juvenile "Famous Women Series" of interesting sketches which have been written by Mrs. Sarah K. Bolton will be put into book form and published by F. G. Crowell & Co., of Boston, under the title "Girls Who Became Famous."

Messrs. Roberts Brothers, who are issuing in a uniform edition the works of the late Mrs. Jackson, now send out her "Glimpses of Three Coasts," a book whose merits are so widely known that the mere announcement that it is published in an attractive form ought to secure it a new popularity.

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett is one of those exceptional authors who can write in the midst of distracting noise and confusion. Upon the plain desk where she writes are arranged her books in the order they were issued. Odd scraps of paper and a dull pencil are her writing materials, and she is obliged to write very rapidly so as to keep pace with her thoughts.

A literary find of no small interest has just been made in Germany. It is the manuscript of "The Watch on the Rhine," Max Schneckendorfer's famous poem, now a national song in Germany. The manuscript has been found among the papers of one of Schneckendorfer's friends at Burgdorf, and though there is neither date nor signature no doubt is entertained of its authenticity.

Mr. W. W. Astor, who has already had a numer of copies of "Valentino," handsomely bound for presentation to his friend at a cost of $800, is having two volumes incased in ivory with silver trimmings, one for the Pope and the other for the King of Italy. Their cost is said to be $600.

A copy of Dicken's "Strange Gentleman," one of the rarest of his productions, was recently bought by a small bookseller in England for 3d. By him it was sold for 15s to a young man in the trade; he in his turn disposing of the book to another person for £1. This last knew the value of his prize, and, in spite of its being imperfect, resold the volume for a £5 to a well-known firm of booksellers, who now want somewhere about £12 for it. A perfect copy is worth £20. It is quite a small pamphlet and has been reprinted, without the frontispiece.

The efforts of Schopenhauer's friends to raise funds for the erection of a monument to his memory have been successful. Frankfort has been decided on as the place for it. The contributions have come from every country in Europe and America. England is poorly represented, and in Germany the professors of philosophy have generally kept aloof, except in the case of men of great eminence.

ROSE-RED JEYPORE.

The Beautiful City Founded by Jey Singh.

G. A. Sala in London Telegraph.

Jeypore is a city that might be built in the fantastic architecture of dreams or fabled by some poet devising strange and unparalleled combinations of color and outline. There is nothing like it in India or the world; and, albeit, not all ancient—for the present metropolis was founded by Jey Singh in 1728—it, no doubt, reproduces many traditional features of the old times, and well suits the romantic chronicles of the country by its extraordinary beauty of aspect and site. Nothing reveals the character of the place to the traveler as he alights at the railway station and drives to his temporary quarters. The rose-red city of Jeypore, with its beautiful streets and fairy-like palaces, is shut within the fence of high seven-gated walls just as the Rajput ladies of proud degree are screened from view by latticed windows and jealous portals. But you turn suddenly from the open space before, say, the Amber Gateway, where camels are loading, and oxen are plodding along, and mean, mud-built hovels cluster close to the tall screen walls, protecting and concealing the real entrance. Your carriage crosses the square, beneath the crenellated breastwork; rattles over the pavement of the guard house, where the Rajput sentry, in long, black cloak and red turban salutes the wheels of the Maharaja's equipage, and then opens on the well-pleased gaze the vista of a busy throughfare wholly unique and beautiful—in general almost beyond description. The entire city effect from this point of view is one and the same tint, a delicate rosy red relieved with white. If one could dream of building a capital with blush rose leaves or pink coral, this is how it would look! It is an inflammable prospective of roseate house fronts, bathed by soft sunlight, nowhere ungraceful, and at many spots on either side of the way broken magnificently by stately fronts of palaces, and long lines of light pavilions, embellished with columns and cupolas, and enriched with floral or pictorial designs in all sorts of hues. The splendid avenue, thus entered, runs on a perfect level from east to west, more than two miles, always of the same grand breadth of 111 feet, and so absolutely straight that throughout its entire length each house, each palace, each trader's shop, can be seen on either side, fading away in the long prospective of rose-red to the battlements of the far off Ruby Gate. A gay and bustling crowd of citizens gives animation to the charming *mise en scene*, which is backed by mountains, rising nobly to the pure, blue sky, almost every peak of them covered with some commanding fort or fantastic pleasure house. Two main roadways of the same rosy color from end to end, and each of them as wide as the great central street, cross it at right angles, forming at the points of bisection two spacious piazzas called the "Amber Chank" and the "Ruby Chank." These subordinate throughfares are each a mile and a quarter long, and have their picturesque roseate lines of dwellings and palaces broken in a similar fashion by buildings of the strangest fancy and most elaborate ornamentation. It is true that the lovely pink flush which thus clothes the entire visible city is only a wash of color laid upon the chunam with which the rough masonry of the structures has been covered, but it beautifies the face of the capital almost as much as if Jeypore were really constructed of rose-tinted alabaster.

CAN'T AFFORD IT.

A Little Object Lesson of Interest to Every Business Man.

No, sir, you cannot. You cannot afford to leave your business and walk into a neighboring liquor saloon for "a dram" at 11 o'clock in the morning.

You were surprised that you did it. We could not have believed it had we not witnessed the act. We saw the door of the saloon swing open as you entered. There was a gleam of glass goblets and cut decanters. Rich mahogany wood decorations abounded. There was plenty of glitter and gilt.

It was the devil in the garb of an angel of light.

He set before you a goblet foaming at the brim with pleasure, but with the sting of a serpent at the bottom.

You drank it down with avidity and walked out with a self-ratisfied air.

We were on our way to the very store where you are a salesman, when we saw you enter the saloon.

We waited to note the result.

You had your glass of liquor and returned to the store.

You cannot afford to do this.

You are over fifty years of age. You have a good wife and a family of grown up children. You are an honored member of the church, and have been for more than a quarter of a century.

Have you ever thought of the power of example?

You are in a wholesale dry goods establishment where are more than a hundred employes, many of them young men. You cannot hide this evil habit from them.

You may by your example, lead some of them to fill a drunkard's grave.

You will fill one unless you cease this habit—and cease it at once.

You cannot afford it.

For the sake of wife, family, home, reputation, health, quit it.

Behold the signal light of danger! It gleams across your track. Its fiery glow is a warning of the fires within that destroy both soul and body.

Appetite is as strong as the grave.

Death alone destroys it.

Stop before the appetite for rum is your master.—*N. Y. Dry Goods Chronicle.*

Satisfactory Evidence.

J. W. Graham, Wholesale Druggist of Austin, Tex., writes: I have been handling DR. WM. HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE LUNGS for the past year, and have found it one of the most saleable medicines I have ever had in my house for Coughs, Colds, and even consumption, always giving entire satisfaction. Please send me another gross.

Instantly Relieved.

Mrs. Ann Lacour, of New Orleans, La., writes: "I have a son who has been sick for two years; he has been attended by our leading citizens, but all to no purpose. This morning he had his usual spell of coughing, and was so greatly prostrated in consequence that death seemed imminent. We had in the house a bottle of DR. WM. HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE LUNGS, purchased by my husband, who noticed your advertisement. We administered it and he was instantly relieved."

The Cowboy Evangelist.

"Lampasas Jake," the cowboy evangelist, who is holding revivals in New Mexico, can beat Sam Jones as a vernacular preacher. Here is an extract from one of his sermons: "How many of you's ready to die now with your boots on? Where'd you be to breakfast? Don't any of you drunken, swearing, fighting, blaspheming, gambling, thieving, tin-horn, coffin paint, exterminating galoots look at me ugly, because I know ye. I've been through the drive. You know a fat, well-fed, well-cared for, thoroughly-branded steer when you see one, and you can tell whose it is and where it belongs. There's a man that owns it. There's a place for it to go. There's a law to protect it. But the maverick—whose is that? You're all mavericks and worse. The maverick has no brand on him. He goes bellering about until somebody takes him in and claps the branding-iron on him. But you whelps, you've got the devil's brand on you. You've got his lariat about you. He lets you have rope now, but he'll haul you in when he wants firewood."

—Men, such as U. S. Senator Voorhees, of Indiana, are loud in their praise of St. Jacobs Oil as an instantaneous cure for rheumatism, neuralgia, sciatica and other bodily pains.

TWO SOUTHERN CONGRESSMEN

Have a Private Talk About Cleveland and the Political Situation.

A friend of mine who came up on the Norfolk boat the other night tells me a funny story about a conversation he overheard as he lay in his berth in the morning. The adjoining stateroom was occupied by two members of Congress from the South, and as the lattice-work partitions are intended more for coolness than for privacy, every word they uttered was perfectly audible to him. He says that if he should relate and I should publish all that was said by these statesmen neither of them would want to appear in public again; but some portions of their conversation can be repeated without impropriety. After discussing at length their private affairs and their female acquaintances with great freedom, their talk drifted toward the political situation, and the man who had served in Congress three years was addressed the following question by the man who has served but one:

"George, do you reckon that the radicals will get the next House?"

"I 'low they will," replied George.

"Why do you 'low that?"

"It 'pears to me like as if the Democratic party was done broke up by Grover Cleveland. We'uns has been twenty-five years workin' to get this hyar government, and now that we won, it looks like as if we ain't done got it at all. Down where I come from the people thinks we might just as well have a radical President as Grover Cleveland, and that we all have been done sold out again by the Northern Democrats, an' they ain't going to put any work in the next campaign. I've been turnin' the thing over and dwellin' on it a good deal in my mind, an' I 'low that when the next time comes to vote a right smart parcel of Democrats all over the country will stay at home to show that they aint got no use for such Presidents as Grover Cleveland, and we'll be upset all along the line."

"That's my view," says Tom, "an' I aint got no use fer Grover Cleveland neither. I tell you, sah, Grover Cleveland is no gentleman. I aint set my foot in the White House since last December, an' I'll tell you why: I went up thar to get the postmaster at Wesleyville removed. He's a d—d mean radical and ought to have been kicked out at the first turn. I kept writin' Grover Cleveland all summer about him but got no satisfaction, and last December I went up thar one day an' told Grover Cleveland that I wanted him turned out and Colonel Sweetwater appointed. Grover Cleveland looked at me, and he says I must make charges again him. That's just what I've been doin', said I. I charges him, sah, said I, with being an offensive partisan, sah, said I, and an unfit man, sah, to hold the office, sah, and I told him it was a disgrace that he had been kept in office so long, sah."

"What evidence have you got, sah," said Grover Cleveland, "to show the truth of your charge, sah?"

"That made me as mad as a condemned wild cat, sah, an' I said to Grover Cleveland, sah, in the country I come from, sah, my word as a gentleman, sah, is good, sah."

"Grover Cleveland looked at me, sah, with a condemned, sickly smile on his condemned face, sah, and he says, sah, That don't go down heah, sah. You'll have to bring evidence to prove your charges, sah. I took my hat, sah, and left his presence, sah, an' I said to Col. Highsteppah, who was with me, sah, that Grover Cleveland had not the first instincts of a gentleman, sah, an' I'd teach him not to insult a member of Congress, sah."

Passing from general politics to personal matters Tom expressed a great deal of anxiety about his prospects of renomination, which he said would be very poor, particularly because he had made a speech at the last convention in which he promised not to be a candidate for re-election. He didn't 'low that it would be brought up against him, but it had been, and he feared that his constituents would hold him to his pledge.

"I havn't got ahead a condemned cent this session," he said. With his campaign expenses an' keeping up two establishments his congressional career has set him back financially. There warn't much show for a new member to make anything, and his time had been occupied entirely by the demands of his constituents, but if he warn't renominated he proposed to let his constituents go to a brimstone factory at the next session and do something for him self if he could catch on anywhere.

This exchange of confidence lasted about an hour, in which much more of the same sort was said, but this will do to illustrate the situation of the average member of Congress.—*Washington Capital.*

A LURKING FOE.

Some Practical and Timely Spring Hints About Health.

Harper's Bazar.

At this season of the year, when we have about us the dampness of an atmosphere laden with moisture from melting snow and from the effect of a frequently strong sun striking the water-soaked sod, and when this very dampness prevents the escape of many of the foul gases generated by the winter-long decay of perishable substances, we cannot too eagerly take warning as to the danger of the approach of exposure, unless we are willing suddenly to find ourselves in the grasp of a fiend whose deadly power is second to none of the diseases that lie in wait for us like spiders for their prey.

There is hardly any suffering to be imagined more difficult to encounter, more exquisite in its distressing force, than that which affects and oppresses the organs of breath, the very principle of being, as it were. And yet the imprudences we commit which render us liable to such suffering are past number.

The softening weather is a great temptation to these imprudences after the tiresome season of imprisonment in close houses and closer garments. It gives such an enjoyable sense of freedom to throw up a window, to stand at an open door, to run out in the yard or on the veranda unprotected by any outer garment. We hear the chirp of a bird, we see the start of a bud, we feel the vernal equinox in our blood—we will not be caged ourselves; and all at once then we find ourselves the captive for weeks and even months, entrapped by this cunning enemy that was just outside the open door and window, fortunate, indeed, if we ever leave the cage at all and are not rendered sensitive and delicate about the lungs for the rest of our lives.

Nor is the only danger of pneumonia encountered through exposure to draughts and damps and chill. The fact that a single member of a family is often closely followed by others has led to suspicion of further causes for the disease, to the discovery of the epidemic character that is capable of assuming, and to question as to the source of the epidemic; and finally, as in the case of most other epidemics, to the condemnation of the air that has been breathed by the victims. For it is now generally understood among those who have given attention to the subject that foul air, capable of breeding the poisonous bacteria, is nearly as necessary to pneumonia as to typhoid, dysentery, diphtheria, or to el vomito itself. Whenever pneumonia occurs epidemically, it occurs with greater virulence than when in separate and single instances, and it is oftenest encountered in crowded and ill-ventilated regions, while it too frequently accompanies typhus and other kindred forms of disease to let any doubt of its nature remain.

Few People Escape

The taint of scrofula in the blood. With many it is hereditary; but it may also be acquired from want of air or lack of exercise, from improper food, or any cause which brings about weakness of the body and impurity of the blood. The disease is characterized by running sores, abscesses, swellings, enlarged joints, sores eyes, etc. No medicine has been so successful in curing scrofula as Hood's Sarsaparilla. The most terrible running sores gradually disappear under the purifying and strengthening influences of this great medicine. If you are a sufferer from scrofula and desire more evidence as to the wonderful success of Hood's Sarsaparilla, send to C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass., for a book containing many remarkable cures.

The Cost of Rum.

The New York *Tribune* estimates that one in twenty of the inhabitants of this country are rendered idle and incapacitated for work through the liquor traffic, and that the ordinary wages of this one man in twenty, if he was not idle, would aggregate not less than $200,000,000 annually. There is food for reflection in this thought. Take away the drink traffic and the condition of the poor will at once be improved to the extent of $200,000,000 annually. This, however, is one of the smallest items in the cost. The direct cost of the drink traffic is estimated to be about $800,000,000 annually. Not less than half this amount is paid by the poorer classes. Add together these two items and we have the enormous sum of $650,000,000 as the actual loss resulting to the poor people of this country by means of this drink traffic.

A Lovely Complexion.

"What a lovely complexion," we often hear persons say. "I wonder what she does for it?" In every case the purity and real loveliness of the complexion depends upon the blood. Those who have sallow, blotchy faces may make their skin smooth and healthy by taking enough of Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" to drive out the humors lurking in the system.

Halford Sauce is used at all first class hotels.

SEN. FERRY'S EXILE.

The Downfall of a Politician With a Distinguished Career—Afraid to Return to This Country on Account of Questionable Business Transactions.

"It is not very generally known," said a Michigan man yesterday, "that ex-Sen. Thomas W. Ferry is an exile from his state and country. He dare not return until the matters pending against him are either outlawed or settled. There is an indictment against him for forgery."

"Up to the time of his defeat for re-election, a few years ago, he passed as a very rich man?"

"Yes, but that was far from the truth. Ten or fifteen years ago he was worth considerable money. He had an interest with his brother in some Michigan pine lands, and together they operated an extensive lumber yard in Chicago. I say together, but Thomas never had anything to do with the management of the business. They made considerable money for a time and, as usual their fortune was greatly overestimated by the outside public. Reverses came, however, and in addition to this the senator got to leading a very wild life in Washington. He spent more than his salary in dissipation and became involved in disgraceful scandals. You remember how he was horsewhipped in his rooms at the National Hotel by a young lady and her father. Poor Ferry crept under the bed and howled for mercy, but his assailants only stopped when they were completely exhausted. The story told at the time was to the effect that Ferry had insulted the young lady in some way, and that was the method chosen to avenge it. Ferry never made a complaint, but the father of the young lady received a note from the senator a couple of days after the attack. He opened it, expecting at least to find a challenge, but instead found an annual pass for himself and family over the Pennsylvania railroad. Queer way of demanding satisfaction, wasn't it?

"Ferry's exposure would have come several years before it did but for the fact that he held a seat in the United States Senate, and if he had been re-elected I presume his affairs would have been hushed up somehow; but when he became a common citizen, with no patronage at his disposal, then all of his creditors jumped on him. It was learned that he had been engaged in a number of very questionable transactions, among which was the charge of trying to imitate another man's signature. Ferry made a desperate effort to get back to the Senate, and the machine discipline organized by Zach Chandler in Michigan held his forces in line down to the eighty-first ballot. Then a break came and the present Sen. Palmer was the result. Ferry fled at once to Europe, and had scarcely got out of the country before warrants were issued for his arrest on several different counts. That was three years ago. He has never returned and he may die in exile. The ex-senator's brother, Dwight, is interested in Tom, and he has been trying to build up the fortunes of the family. He is by far the better man of the two and has considerable business ability and push. I am told that he has been very fortunate in some silver mine investments and may become rich again. In that case I suppose all the claims against Thomas where a criminal prosecution could be brought will be settled up and the exile will find it safe to return. But he never can again be a factor in Michigan politics. Of late years he has become a victim of the morphine habit, which has almost completely undermined his intellect."

"Where is he living?"

"I believe he has passed most of his exile in Italy, but he has been roaming all over Europe. A great effort was made to persuade Pres. Arthur to give Ferry the Russian mission just after the death of Minister Hunt, but Mr. Arthur concluded that it was not best to appoint a man who could not visit his own country to present his application. Sen. Conger made the effort, I believe, out of charity.

"It is a little bit singular that a man who served eighteen years in the Senate—six years as President *pro tempore* of that body, acting Vice President, and acting President for a day, on the Sunday between Gen. Grant's retirement and Pres. Hayes's inauguration—should find himself an exile from his own country and a fugitive from justice. It illustrates the ups and downs of politics with a vengeance."—*New York World.*

Presidential Obesity.

Pres. Cleveland is getting very fat and it is understood that he is somewhat worried over the increase of weight. As a matter of fact, Mr. Cleveland has added to his avoirdupois each month since he became the master of the White House. The increase during the winter months was quite marked, but he did not care much about it then, as he was confident that with the coming of warm weather he would be able to take more out-of-door exercise and so materially reduce himself. Instead of this, however, he goes right along getting more and more flesh upon his bones, so that now he would not be called a stout man, but a fat man. The trouble is that Mr. Cleveland does not walk enough. Most of his out-of-door exercise consists in driving in the suburbs and along the country roads. He goes out at 5 o'clock in the afternoon and generally remains away from the White House for an hour and a half to two hours. Then he returns and dines and then rushes back to his desk to work until a late hour. Pres. Arthur would have grown very stout while he was in the White House, for he was a good liver, had it not been for the fact that he was very fond of horseback riding. This would be good exercise for Mr. Cleveland, but he seems to have no taste in that direction. The President has a queer way of expressing his interest in a visitor. If he is pleased and won over he will stand with hands behind him and settle way back upon his heels. If he drops his hands to his side you may be very certain that he is all attention and is alert to get at the facts in the case; but once let him bring his hands together in front of him, you may be very certain the matter has been settled as far as he is concerned, and that a further audience is unnecessary. It is said that there never has been an instance where the President brought his hands together in front of him but that he accompanied the gesture by an emphatic and decided negative.

A Sunshiny Soul.

There are some people who are always bubbling over with humor, in season and out of season; everything is turned by their Midas touch to sparkling merriment. What unconscious physicians these people are! It doeth one good like a medicine to hear their voices and to see their faces, always running over with laughter like a mountain spring. The healthiest and longest-lived persons almost always have a twig of humor in their make-up. There is something wonderfully preservative in laughter. A man who cannot laugh is like a tree from which the worms or the winds have stripped all the leaves. It soon grows feeble and sapless, and dies before its time. The healthy tree laughs with myriads of leaves for generation after generation, sound at heart and beautiful to look upon; and when it dies the woodman cuts it down and finds the allotted number of rings in the firm, white wood and curve as sound and sweet as the sapling's. So it is with the man whose disposition is one of sunshine and laughter. He lives merrily and dies cheerily, and the world is better for him. His memory does not pass away like that of the sour, grum misanthropist. There may be grander things about a man than his humor, but there is nothing by which he will be remembered so long. After his wisdom and his learning are forgotten, if he ever laughed, that laugh will be his memorial. It will go ringing on when every other utterance has died away. Happy are they who are happy!

Speakers' Sore Throat.

Public speakers and pulpit orators are constant sufferers from throat troubles. For such ills the best remedy that has yet been found is Dr. Starkey & Palen's Compound Oxygen, as made by them at their laboratory, No. 1529 Arch street, Phila. Pa. *The Rev. Sidney Wilbur, of Albion, N. Y.*, writes: "Well, I must confess, and I do it gladly, that your Compound Oxygen is, I think, the most wonderful remedy, at least, for all diseases of the throat and lungs that I or my family have had, in a ministry of forty or fifty years' experience." This endorsement is equaled by many hundreds of others. Write for a pamphlet on the subject, which will be sent free of postage.

Abusing Congressman Long's Courtesy.

Gov. Long had a little experience the other day. A person with whom he had a little acquaintance asked him modestly for an order on the botanical garden for a few plants. The governor, who is always anxious to oblige, sat right down and wrote an order upon Mr. Smith, the superintendent. He thought no more about it, but the second day afterward received a courteous note to the effect that the gentleman had presented the letter at the botanical garden, and had picked out not only the few plants which he asked for, but also a large variety of the most rare productions of the garden. These he had ordered boxed up and shipped by express to his home, telling Mr. Smith to prepay the charge and collect it out of the governor. The latter has made the superintendent whole in the matter, but hereafter he intends to be very careful to state just what his orders for plants embraces.

To Weak Men

Suffering from Nervous Debility, Early Decay, Loss of Vitality, Weakness of Body and Mind, etc., I will send you a valuable treatise containing full particulars for certain restoration to health and manhood free of charge. A reliable cure. Address Prof. F. C. Fowler, Moodus, Conn.

LABOR MATTERS.

Items of Interest Concerning the Wage-workers of the Country.

Nearly all the trades unions in New York have passed resolutions fining their members from $1 to $10 for riding on the Third Avenue railroad.

There are 20,000 foundrymen and working metal workers in New York demanding 9 hours per day.

The 35,000 anthracite miners in Eastern Pennsylvania are ready to strike as soon as they can secure the co-operation of the miners of the upper region.

The Ohio Valley trade assembly will hold a convention to name candidates for the coming November election in West Virginia. A great deal of Italian labor is being introduced by natural gas companies, and the importations are causing trouble among American labor.

Forty-seven members of the Journeymen Tailors' union of New York, thirteen bakers, and several street car drivers and conductors, have been indicted in New York and will be tried.

Considerable building work has been delayed on account of the backwardness of investors and builders, in consequence of the labor agitation.

A movement is on foot among the salesmen in some of the larger cities where business is done on Sunday, to put an end to it. In some cities, stores are kept open until 3 o'clock in the afternoon.

Knights of Labor lecturers to the number of about thirty are working day and night over the country, and organizers are following in their footsteps, sweeping in laborers, skilled and unskilled, at a rate which can only be guessed at.

The order of the Knights of Labor is growing rapidly through the South Atlantic and Gulf states, and an effort will be made during the summer to advance wages.

The Knights of Labor in the Southwest are expelling any of their members whom they find interfering with railroad property.

A bill will be introduced into the New York legislature to prohibit any person being sworn as a special policeman or as a deputy sheriff outside of his own county. This is intended to prevent the employment of Pinkerton detectives and deputy sheriffs.

The mill owners of several New England states have formed a mutual strike insurance company. Every member gives a bond equal to 5 per cent of his pay-roll, and already the capital amounts to over $1,000,000. When a strike occurs the mill shuts down. The company then assumes control, and pays all superintendents, foremen and others who stand by the proprietors.

There are at the present time about 100 strikes in the city of Philadelphia, for shorter hours or higher pay.

A gas and oil company has just been organized in Pittsburg to develop 14,000 acres of gas and oil land in Western Pennsylvania, for the purpose of piping it to manufacturing and consuming points.

The Chartiers Valley Natural Gas company has completed its plans for piping gas to the city of Pittsburg, and will lay, during the next few months, nearly 80,000 feet of pipe of various calibres. On the South Side, ten miles of 6-inch cast iron mains and a number of lines will be laid. Several more natural gas companies have been formed and a number of lines will be laid from wells to the city. One hundred and twenty five leases for gas and oil territory have been left for record in Westmoreland county, Pennsylvania, within 30 days. The Hite Natural Gas company will extend their gas mains across the Allegheny river into Sharpsburg.

The National Transit company is offering strong opposition to the Standard Oil company in the transportation of oil from Washington county. The Standard Oil company will begin shortly to lay a pipe 50 miles long, beginning in Washington county, running northward to the Ohio river, at Neville Island, and proceed to a point in Butler county, where communication can be had with the trunk lines.

The Musical Mutual Protective ujon of New York filed a bill last week to prevent the landing of 40 European musicians imported for Philadelphia under contract.

STARVING IN THE STOCKADE.

A Southern Writer Describes the Sufferings of Union Prisoners.

During the war we lived near the Yankee stockade, in Darlington county, South Carolina, says a writer in the Athens (Ga.) *Banner-Watchman*. At that time there were about seven thousand prisoners, and as winter was coming on they allowed them, 300 at a time, to carry fence rails from an adjoining field into the stockade for fuel. One day they took it into their heads to break past the guard, which they attempted, and 72 escaped. I was near the camp at the time, and came near being killed by the cross firing of the pickets. On our return we came across a Confederate soldier who had captured one of these poor, half-starved prisoners, who, in turn, had captured a poor, mangy pig. It was hard to decide which was the leanest, the pig or the Yank, as both had more skin and bone than flesh. We heard him remark: "Thank God, I will have one square breakfast this morning, such a breakfast as any poor devil could hardly touch." The next day when I was on my way from school with my gun and dog, I came across another one of these poor wretches in the persimmon tree, and, although just 13 years old, feeling I could do my country a great service in capturing a prisoner, I ordered him to come down. He was anxious to know if he was poisoned, as his mouth was all tired from eating the green fruit, and seemed greatly relieved when told what sort of fruit it was. I took him home, and after making him wash himself gave him a suit of my father's clothes and some food. It was over a week before we could satisfy his appetite, he had fasted so long. The officer had him on parole and allowed us to keep him and work him on our farm until after the surrender. His name was John Conltree, from Illinois. It was no fault of the Confederate government that the prisoners did not get enough food, as the whole country for miles around were ransacked and everything the people could possibly spare was taken to feed these poor wretches, but there were so many it would not keep the wolf of famine away, and death came fast and furious, and soon the old field around the stockade was filled with several thousand graves. This is now a national cemetery, and is beautifully kept, but the old stockade has long since disappeared from sight, with all its horrors.

How French Girls are Wooed.

I remember, just before the Franco-Prussian war, a Mlle. Pairier, a very witty and intelligent girl of 18, attended the day school in which I was teaching. She had passed her examinations at l'Hotel de Ville, but was so fond of her school that she protested she would not leave it until it was time for her to be married. She was a privileged character among the teachers and pupils—a sort of parlor boarder. One day she came running to us and said: "Mamma has seriously gone to work to find me a husband. I saw a candidate last night at the theater, but I don't like him. He squints. I am going to see another at the Opera Comique to-night." The next morning our question was: "How did you like him?" "Can't like him; papa heard that his property was entailed, and that his father died of some hereditary disease." Thus, every morning, to our amusement, she would come with a new story, told in her own sprightly way. Once she told us that one of her mother's horses was lamed; she supposed that he (the horse) was heartily tired of running after a husband for her. At last she found the right one, or rather the right one was found for her. She then at once stopped joking; and, with the dignity she at once assumed as a financee, she forbade us so to do. Her husband is a rich manufacturer of cloth at Elboeuf.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Cure for the Deaf.

Peck's patent improved cushioned ear drums perfectly restore the hearing and perform the work of the natural drum. Always in position, but invisible to others, and comfortable to wear. All conversation and even whispers heard distinctly. We refer to those using them. Send for illustrated book with testimonials, free. Address F. Hiscox, 853 Broadway, N. Y. Mention this paper. Beware of fraudulent imitators.

The President's Marriage Day.

The President's marriage is considered as fixed for the last part of June. If it does not take place then it is thought the wedding will be postponed until fall. A friend of the President said: "You may be very sure that if he was not engaged to Miss Folsom he would have had an official denial of it printed long ago on account of the young lady. It would be a great injustice to her to permit the stories of their engagement and approaching marriage to be so widely and authoritatively published without such a denial."

The subject of the President's marriage is not very generally discussed. Few outside of the immediate circles of the families of the Administration appear to take very much interest in it. Those who do talk about it seem to take it as a matter of course that Miss Folsom is marrying more for position than anything else. She will be the youngest wife who has ever resided at the White House.—*Washington Letter.*

Beautify Your Home.

Finish the walls and ceilings with Alabastine. You can do it; inexpensive; try it. White and twelve tints. Cheaper and better than paint, kalsomine or paper. Disinfects and prevents diseases. Beautiful sample card free. By druggists, hardware and paint dealers. $250 given away.

ALABASTINE Co., Grand Rapids, Mich.

The Camp Fire.

The Blaze Grows Brighter.

Mr. M. C. Crane, of North Springfield, Mo., says: "I have been a reader of the BLADE for nearly two years and I like it ever so much. I read the CAMP FIRE first because it brings back memories of dear ones whose lives were blotted out during the terrible struggle. Then, too, I like it because it tells of the great deeds of the great and noble men, produced by our America, and because it awakens recollections of my boyhood days.

E. W. Gibbs belonged to the 111th O. V. I., enlisting when he was but 18 years of age. He first went to Covington, Ky., thence to Crab Orchard. After Bragg went over the mountains to Knoxville in the 21 days' siege, his division was compelled to lay in the rifle-pits all one day and night. He urges the soldiers to vote for John A. Logan.

William Brower, Sherman, Wyoming Ter., writes that he wishes to add a splinter to the FIRE. He was a member of the 94th Ill. and served three years. He is now a member of the Grand Army and is a strong Republican. He asks the pensioners what they can expect "when Isham G. Harris, one of the most violent and vindictive of rebels, has just been supported by the Democrats for the presidency *pro tem.* of the Senate. Ex-rebels have moved from the back seat up front.

S. M. Peltier, Scott's Crossing, O., writes that his father, Enos Peltier, enlisted in 1861 and served three years. He belonged to Co. E, 99th O. V. I., nearly all the members of which live in the vicinity of Allen county.

J. W. Boyd, Milwaukee, Wis., connected with the National Soldiers' Home, not a pensioner, or an applicant for a pension, appeals for the poor soldiers who have been disabled in the service. He demands that they shall have a pension, every one of them, and that, too, without red tape, by which Washington pension sharks are enabled to bleed an applicant for nearly one-half the pension before it is obtained. He cries out loudly against this outrage, and calls upon Congressmen to open their eyes and hearts to the poor soldiers begging for their rights.

Lewis Hiller, New Dover, O., who was a member of Crittenden's division of Buel's army, takes exception to Mr. T. P. Bryant. He says that the division "marched hard" all day Sunday, April 6, and went into camp at 5 or 6 o'clock in the evening, being then four miles from Savannah. The division had scarcely laid down before the order to strike tent and march was given. The battlefield of Shilo

The Hunt for the World—How Different Hunters Bag the Game.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., May 9.—Rev. T. De Witt Talmage preached this morning in the Brooklyn Tabernacle on the subject, "Return from the Chase," taking his text from Genesis xlix, 27: "In the morning he shall devour the prey, and at night he shall divide the spoil." Dr. Talmage said: "There is in this chapter such an affluence of simile and allegory, such a mingling of metaphors, that there are a thousand thoughts in it not on the surface. Old Jacob, dying, is telling the fortunes of his children. He prophesies the devouring propensities of Benjamin and his descendants. With his dim old eyes he looks off and sees the hunters going out to the fields, ranging them all day and at nightfall coming home, the game slung over the shoulder; and reaching the door of the tent the hunters begin to distribute the game, and one takes a coney, and another a rabbit, and another a roe. "In the morning he shall devour the prey, and at night he shall divide the spoil. Or, it may be a reference to the habits of wild beasts that slay their prey, and then draw it back to the cave or lair and divide it among the young.

There is nothing more fascinating than the life of a hunter. On a certain day in all England you can hear the crack of the sportsmen's gun because grouse hunting has begun; and every man that can afford the time and ammunition and can draw a bead starts for the fields. On the 20th of October our woods and forests will resound with the shock of firearms and will be tracked of pointers and setters because the quail will then be a lawful prize for the sportsman. Xenophon grew eloquent in regard to the art of hunting. In far East, people, elephant-mounted, chase the tiger. The American Indian darts his arrow at the buffalo. Over all continents tumble over stag hunt. Ford, five regiments. Jo. started are often ...ssip again, but the Mormons stopped him. ...hunting. ...had camped at Carthage. Ford ...Smith perkyed for a while. Brigham ...couldn't remember if he could have ...promise not to be assassinated. The 5th regiment gave their word to guard him, with ...they did until 9 o'clock the day he was killed. ...He was killed about 5 o'clock. Of the ...afternoon ...around the ...were detailed ...he spoil." ...guard, Joseph, Hiram and Taylor ...ce, as de... in the jail. The mob came up ...he more... of the jail, two hundred or more, ...es up to ... the door, while ...d, by this ... passed out of the window. A young ...their life's ... had promised his father and mother, ...spoils of ... to Why, you never can get out." ...and the ... know personally, ...ne near ... you know that Joseph asked her to become ...burial, be... spiritual wife, besides others have told me ...orous in ... that Joseph asked her to become ...understa... Mormon church. Read Mrs. Stenhouse's book ...ck them... there are facts yet. It will take a book ...ere was ... times the size to record Mormon devilry.

Yeddo and Calcutta.

J. C. F., Kingsville, Mo.:

1. Please give a brief description of Yeddo, capital of Japan. 2. Also of Calcutta, capital of India.

1. Yeddo is situated on the island of Niphon on the bank of the river Ohawa, where it branches into the head of the bay of Yeddo, a broad valley in which it slopes gradually to the wakeup of the bay, and is surrounded by wooded hills, smiling valleys, and an exuberant vegetation. In the official quarter, in the very heart of the city, parks with magnificent trees, temple-gardens, and broad canals, palaces, and the castle in the midst of which are hedgerows and shady lanes, clothed for the most part with an evergreen vegetation. The approximate area of the city has been estimated to be about fifteen miles from north to south and eight miles from east to west, and it covers about 120 square miles. Estimates of the population vary from 1,000,000 to 2,000,000. Dogs and children abound everywhere. Large fire-proof depots, protected by a thick coating of sun-dried clay, like the ordinary shops, and patrols march constantly through every ward, night and day, to give timely alarm of fire. There are many fire-bells, stations, and well-organized fire companies, but fires, which are necessary, as water is scarce, and the houses are built for the most part of wood and light materials, are frequent. The Japanese reckon that the whole of Yeddo has been burned down, more or less completely, about once in seven years. Since 1868 Yeddo has been known as Tokio.

2. Calcutta is situated on the east bank of the Hooghly River, 80 miles from the sea, opposite the town of Howrah, with which it is connected by a bridge of boats. It is the terminus of several railways, and numerous canals. It is the seat of an immense trade, being the natural outlet for the great valleys of the Ganges and Brahmapootra. Its public buildings, excellent system of drainage and water supply, have changed the city from one of the sickliest to one of the healthiest places in Asia. The town is lighted by gas, and has a well-ordered police force. The native portion, or Black Town, is in general built of sun-dried materials. Large shops can ascend the river to this port, the channel being preserved and lighted by floating lights. The exports are for greater than the imports, and consist of jute, opium, indigo, rice, saltpeter, cotton, tea, coal, hides, oil-seeds, gunny-bags, etc. The total population, including suburban towns, is about 900,000.

Roman Empire—Victor Emanuel.

M. G. A., Delhi, Pa.:

1. When was the Roman Empire destroyed and what was the cause? 2. Is the present Monarch of Rome a descendant of the empire? 3. If not, where did Victor Emanuel spring from? 4. How came the Turks in Europe, and when?

1. At the death of Theodosius, in 395, the empire was divided. The Western Empire terminated in 476, when Rome was taken by Odoacer, and the Kingdom of Italy began. The Empire of the East lasted till 1453, when Constantinople was taken by Mahomet II. 2. Victor Emanuel, formerly King of Sardinia, was born at Turin on March 14, 1820, being the eldest son of Charles Albert and Theresa, daughter of the Grand Duke Ferdinand, of Tuscany. When the war of liberation broke out in 1848, he was made a major-general of the brigade of Savoy, and followed his father to the field, and was wounded at Goito. After the disastrous defeat at Novara, March 23, 1849, Victor Emanuel succeeded to the throne as his son. By the treaty of April 16, 1859, Victor Emanuel joined the Anglo-French alliance in the Crimean war. The marriage of his daughter to Prince Napoleon, in January, 1859, was followed almost immediately by the war of Italian independence, in which France and Sardinia took the field together against Austria. By the treaty of Zurich gave Lombardy to Victor Emanuel, excepting a fortress of Mantua and Peschiera. In 1860 Savoy and Nice were ceded to France. In the course of the same year Victor Emanuel annexed Parma, Modena, Tuscany, and Romagna. In the latter end of 1860, through the aid of Garibaldi, and on March 17, 1861, he assumed the title of King of Italy, bestowed on him by the Italian parliament on February 26. In the autumn of 1866, war against Austria in alliance with Prussia, Venetia was incorporated in his dominions, and in 1870 the residue of the Papal States, and his capital, removed in 1865 from Turin to Florence, was transferred to Rome. On 1871 the King made his official entrance July 2. About the beginning of the fourteenth century, under Othman.

Lover's Leap—Gen. A. J. Smith.

T. N., Sheldon, Mo.:

1. Please describe Oklahoma. 2. Please tell if there is such a place as Lover's Leap, and give a sketch. 3. Give a sketch of the life of Gen. A. J. Smith.

1. Has been described several times. 3. Cape Ducato, known as Lover's Leap, is the southern extremity of Santa Maura, one of the Ionian Islands. It is the ancient promontory of Leucadia. The poetess Sappho is said to have thrown herself from the top of this promontory. Of the events of her life there is only obscure tradition. Ovid says she was driven from Lesbos to Sicily, to escape some unknown danger, between 604 and 592; and the common story that, being in love with Phaon, and finding her passion unrequited, she threw herself from the Leucadian rock. This story, however, seems to have been an invention of later times. At Mytilene, Sappho seems to have been the center of a male literary society, most of the members of which were her pupils in poetry, fashion and gallantry. 2. He was born in Bucks county, Pa., in 1814; graduated at West Point, and became lieutenant of dragoons March 4, 1845; captain November 16, 1847; major May 13, 1861; lieutenant-colonel May 9, 1864; colonel July 28, 1866; brigadier-general volunteers March 17, 1862; major-general volunteers May 12, 1864. He served in the Mexican war; in the Oregon hostilities, 1853-60; engaged in the siege of Corinth; commanded a division in the assault of Chickasaw Bluffs, in December, 1862, and at Arkansas Post, in January, 1863; commanded a division at Vicksburg, and rendered distinguished service up to the close of the war; served in the Meridian campaign for battle of Tupelo, Miss., and major-general for battle of Nashville. He resigned May 6, 1869.

Canadian Pacific Railroad.

Inquirer, Chester, Tex.:

Please give a brief history of the construction of the Canadian Pacific railway, and state when it was completed.

The last spike of the Canadian Pacific railway was driven November 6, 1885, at a point 50 miles west of the Rocky Mountains. The last section of road completed was the 40-mile section west of the Selkirk mountains. The length of the line from Montreal to the Pacific coast terminus is 2,895 miles. This railroad was first projected in 1871, when British Columbia was added to the Dominion of Canada. Little was known of the difficulties to be overcome in the work; a company was readily formed to undertake it, for as the road was a political necessity government aid was considered certain. January 14, 1872, the Canadian Parliament passed an act providing that the new road should be built and conducted by a Canadian company, to be assisted by not to exceed [illegible]. He who postpones until [illegible] Where are the men who, thirty [illegible] resolved to become Christians [illegible] putting it off a certain number [illegible] They never got to be old. There [illegible] collision or the steamboat explosion [illegible] slip on the ice or the falling [illegible] sudden cold put an end to their [illegible] nities. They have never had an opportunity since and never will have an opportunity again. They locked the door [illegible] against their soul and they threw the key; and if they could now open and come up shrieking to this world they do not think they would take two [illegible] to persuade us all to repentance [illegible] chased the world and died in the [illegible] The wounded tiger turned on the [illegible] failed to take the game that they pursued. Mounted on a swift colt [illegible] leaped the hedge, but the contrast [illegible] them and crushed them. Procrastinator their soul for the world [illegible] both and got neither.

While this is an encouragement to people who are yet unpardoned, its encouragement to the young, the putting off the day of grace. This is that the old may be repentant [illegible] taken cautiously. It is medicine [illegible] or cures. The same medicine [illegible] different patients in one case saves [illegible] in the other destroys it. This [illegible] of repentance at the close of life [illegible] the old man while he kills the young [illegible] cautious in taking it.

Again, my subject is descriptive [illegible] who come to a sudden and radical [illegible] You have noticed how short a time [illegible] from morning to night in winter—[illegible] ten hours. You know that a wise [illegible] has a very brief life. The heart [illegible] longest day beats 24 times and that [illegible] dead. How quick the transition [illegible] character of these Benjamites! [illegible] morning they shall devour the prey; [illegible] night they shall divide the spoil. [illegible] possible that there shall be such [illegible] formation in any of our characters [illegible] a man may be at 7 o'clock in the [illegible] as all devouring worldling, and at 7 [illegible] might he may be a peaceful and [illegible] Christian. Conversion is instantaneous. A man passes into the kingdom of God quicker than down the [illegible] runs the zigzag lightning. A [illegible] may be anxious about his soul [illegible] great many years; that does not make [illegible] a Christian. A man may pray a great [illegible] that does not make him a Christian. [illegible] may resolve on the reformation of his [illegible] and have his resolutions [illegible] better and better, and yet go to [illegible] great while; that does not make [illegible] Christian. But the very instant the [illegible] flings his soul on the mercy of Jesus [illegible] that instant is illustration, emancipation, resurrection. Up to that point he is in the wrong direction; after that point he is going in the right direction. Before [illegible] moment he is a child of sin; after that moment he is a child of God. Before that moment, hellward; after that moment, heavenward. Before that moment, devouring prey; after that moment, dividing spoil. Five minutes is as good a [illegible] years. My hearer, you know very well that the best things you have done have done in a flash. You made up your mind in an instant to buy or to sell, to invest, or to stop, or to start. If you missed that one chance you would have missed it forever. Now just as precious and quick and spontaneous will be the ransom of your soul. This morning, without making a calculation. You are on the track of some financial or social [illegible] With your pen or pencil you are pushing it. This very morning you are devouring the prey; but to-night you will be in a different mood. You find that all heaven offered you. You wonder how you could have let it for yourself and for your family. You wonder what resources it will give you in joy and heavenly welfare. You are dividing the spoil. And comfort and satisfaction and Christian reward in your soul. You are dividing the spoil.

On a Sabbath night at the close of the service, I said to some persons: "Why don't you first become serious about your souls?" and they told me: "To-night." And I said to still others: "When did you give your heart to God?" and they said: "To-morrow." And I said to still others: "When did you resolve to serve the Lord all the days of your life?" and they said: "To-night." I saw by their apparel that when the angel of God struck them they were devoured by the prey; but I saw also in the flooded [illegible] tears, and in the kindling raptures [illegible] their brow, and in their exhilaration, transporting utterances that they were dividing the spoil. At night with one flash of electricity all these lights blaze. I would to God that the darkness of souls might be broken up, and that quick, overwhelming, instantaneous flash of illumination you might be brought into the light and liberty of the sons of God.

You see that religion is a different thing from what some of you people suppose. You thought it was decadence; you think religion was emancipation; you think it was highway robbery; that is struck down and left him half dead, that it plucked out the eyes of the soul; that it broke the limbs and crushed the beak as it came crashing with its black talons through the air. That is not religion? It is dividing spoil. It is taking the defenseless soul and appointing it for eternal conquest. It is the distribution of prizes by the Lord Himself, every medal stamped with a crown of immortal exhilaration, an expatiation of imparadisation. It is enthronement. Religion makes a man master of earth and death and hell. It goes forth to gather medals of victory won by Prince Emanuel, and the diadems of heaven and the girdles of realms terrestrial and celestial, and then, after ranging all worlds for everything that is resplendent, it divides the spoil. What is it that James turner, the famous English evangelist, was doing when his dying moment he said: "Christ is all! Christ is all!" Why, he was entering into light; he was rounding the Cape of Good Hope; He was dividing the spoil. What was the aged Quakeress doing when at eighty years of age she arose in the meeting one day and said: "The time of my departure is come. My grave clothes are falling off." She was dividing the spoils.

"She longed with wings to fly away,
And mix with that eternal day."

What is Daniel now doing, the lion tamer, and Elijah, who was drawn by the flaming charioteers? and Paul, the rattling of whose chains made kings quake? and all the other victims of flood and fire, and wreck and guillotine? Where are they? Dividing the spoil?

"Ten thousand times ten thousand,
In sparkling raiment bright,
The armies of the ransomed saints
Throng up the steps of light.

"'Tis finished, all is finished,
Their fight with death and sin;
Lift high your golden gates,
And let the victors in."

Oh, what a grand thing it is to be a Christian! We begin on earth to divide the spoil, but the distribution will not be completed to all eternity. There is a poverty-stricken soul, there is a business-despoiled soul, there is a sin struck soul, there is a lost and saved soul—why do you not come and get the spoils of Christian character, the comfort, the joy, the peace, the salvation that I am sent to offer you in my Master's name? Though your knees knock together in weakness, though your hand tremble with fear, though your eyes rain tears of unconquerable weeping—come and get the spoil best for all the guilty. Pardon for all the guilty. Labor for all the destormed. Life for all the dead. I verily believe that there are some who have come in here outcasts because the world is against them, and because they feel God is against them, will go away saying:

"I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary and worn and sad;
I found in him a resting-place,
And he has made me glad."

Though you came in children of this world, you may go away heirs of heaven. Though you were devouring the prey, now all worlds witnessing, you may divide the spoils.

Studying American Agriculture.

CHICAGO, May 6.—Mr. G. E. Alderton, a New Zealand journalist, is in the city. He visits this country in behalf of his government, to inquire into and report upon the working of our agricultural schools, the cultivation of the vine and wine-making, orange culture and fruit-raising generally, and is especially instructed to report upon all agricultural implements and orchard tools which he may consider suitable to the requirements of the colony. He proceeds at an early date to Washington to present his credentials to the secretary of the Interior, after which he will go through Illinois, Ohio, Kentucky, Indiana, Virginia, the Carolinas and Florida, the rainfall and temperature of those States approximating very closely to those of the different provinces of New Zealand.

An old druggist will send 100 private valuable recipes for 4 cts. Address Box 6, Toledo, O.

Queen Victoria in Liverpool.

LIVERPOOL, May 11.—The queen arrived here for the purpose of personally opening the Liverpool International exhibition. The ceremony is to take place at 3 p. m. This is the second time that her majesty has visited Liverpool during her reign.

—5,000 Elgin stem-winding and setting gold plated Watches will be presented free to dealers handling "Tansill's Punch" 5c. Cigar. For particulars address at once, R. W. Tansill & Co. Chicago.

She was married to Richardson, just before the death of the latter. Richardson was a brilliant writer. He was only 36 years old, and had written for newspapers from his youth. During the last part of the war he was a prisoner among the Confederates. McFarland was afterward tried, but was acquitted on the plea of insanity.

Who Rang the Liberty Bell?

This question was asked in the Bureau some time ago, and submitted to the BLADE readers for an answer. Two names were sent in, Thomas Wescott, of Philadelphia, being appealed to by interested parties, writes as follows:

"No person rang the "liberty bell" in this city on July 4, 1776. There was no excitement among the people of this city on that day. Congress was sitting in secret session, and its proceedings were not made public. It was not known until the 4th or 5th that the resolutions of independence had been adopted on July 2. That was the great act, and not the written reasons for the act which were adopted on July 4. The real Independence Day is July 2, and not July 4. But let that pass. The story about "the old man" waiting for the signal to ring the bell in the steeple, and of the "little boy" ready to convey the signal, who cried out, "Ring! Ring!" when the vote was taken, is an entire fabrication which first made its appearance in a novel written by George Lippard. Nothing of the kind ever occurred. It is a pure invention. On the 8th of July there was a public announcement of the Act of Independence, and the Declaration was read publicly in the observatory in the state house yard. It is supposed on that occasion, but even of that, there is no record. The name of the janitor of the state house at this time was Hurry."

To Tan Any Kind of Fur Skins.

F. E. B., McPherson, Kas.:

Give a recipe for tanning hides, so as to preserve the hair.

Here is one the Bureau has published several times: After having cut off all the useless parts, and softened the skin by soaking, remove the fatty matter from the inside and soak it in warm water for an hour. Next, mix equal parts of borax, saltpetre and glauber salts (sulphate of soda), in the proportion of about one-half ounce of each for each skin, with sufficient water to make a thin paste; spread this with a brush over the inside of the skin, applying more on the thicker parts than on the thinner; double the skin together, flesh side inwards, and place it in a cool place. After standing 24 hours, wash the skin clean, and apply in the same manner as before, a mixture of one ounce of sal soda, one-half ounce borax, and two ounces hard white soap, dissolved together without being allowed to boil; fold together again, and put away in a warm place for 24 hours. After this dissolve four ounces alum, eight ounces salt, and two ounces saleratus, in sufficient hot rain water to saturate the skin; when cool enough not to scald the hands, soak the skin in it for twelve hours; then wring out and hang it up to dry. When dry repeat this soaking and drying two or three times, till the skin is sufficiently soft. Lastly, smooth the inside with fine sand paper and pumice stone.

King Philip's War.

J. C. D., Maltaton, Ky.:

Give a short account of King Philip's war.

Philip, the son of Massasoit, the friend of the Pilgrim Fathers at New Plymouth, New England, was induced by real and imaginary wrongs to make war upon the European settlers in order to exterminate them. His home was at Mt. Hope, R. I. He struck his first blow at Swansea, on July 4, 1675. The white settlers sprang to arms. Philip ordered other New England tribes to join him, and during the remainder of that year and the spring of 1676 there was alarm and bloodshed in nearly all the more remote New England settlements. The Indians were finally subdued; Philip was chased from one hiding place to another, and finally, in 1676, he was shot in a swamp by a faithless Indian. His head was carried in triumph to Plymouth, and his little son, the last survivor of his family, was sold for a bond-slave in Bermuda.

Deep Sea Soundings.

J. D. L., Lansing, Mich., writes:

"In your issue of April 29, A. D. W., Carthage, N. Y., gives the greatest depth of the sea at 26,850 feet. Now, I can beat that, if history is true. Capt. Denham, of Her Majesty's ship Herald, sounded the Atlantic half way between Buenos Ayres and Tristan d'Acunha, finding its depth to be 7,706 fathoms, or 46,256 feet. Lieut. Parker, of the United States frigate Congress, in the South Atlantic, let go his plummet, and saw it run out 50,000 feet without touching bottom."

Miscellaneous.

A. F. Rancho, Kan.: The population of Rome is about 245,000, of which 1,200 are soldiers.

C. S. G., Chattan, Ill.: The governor general of Canada receives a salary of $50,000 per annum.

Sub., Manahan, O.: The state superintendent of public instruction of Nevada is C. S. Young, of Carson City.

N. S. P., Otto, Minn.: It was a Mr. Courtney, who died in Derby, recently, who amassed a fortune of $5,000,000 by making matches.

S. H. M., Blair, W. Va.: The execution of John D. Lee, by shooting, took place at the scene of the Mountain Meadows massacre in Utah, March 23, 1877.

Sub., Plum Creek, Neb.:

Please state how many colored representatives in the United States Congress.

Only one, we believe.

B. E., Newton, Iowa:

1. Is there at present a lieutenant-general in the American army? 2. If so, who is he? 3. When did William Cullen Bryant die?

1-2. Yes; Philip H. Sheridan, since November 1, 1881. 3. In 1878.

E. A. A., Springfield, Mo.:

1. Is the work of the Panama canal now going on? 2. If so, do the company employ hands in the United States. 3. Where would one have to write to secure a situation?

1. Yes. 2. No. 3. Think application would have to be made in person.

The Bureau must decline to furnish the post-office addresses of prominent men and women. In many instances it could not be done, because of the name of the address; but all such requests must be refused because it exposes parties to newspaper notoriety who may wish to live in obscurity.

Sub., Dudley, Neb.: Castle Garden, New York, was destroyed by fire July 9, 1870. The building was erected in 1807, as a fortification, but in 1823 was converted into a place of amusement. It was here that Jenny Lind won her first triumphs in America. Of late years, however, the "Garden" has been used as a landing place and office for emigrants.

J. T. G., Junction, Idaho:

What was done with the persons implicated in the assassination of Lincoln who were not executed?

O'Laughlin, Mudd and Arnold were sentenced to hard labor for life upon the Dry Tortugas and Spangler was sentenced to hard labor for six years.

The Bureau would be pleased to advise numerous correspondents as to the best part of the United States to move to in search of health and wealth; but the task is too formidable. If everybody liked Florida, Texas and Louisiana, there would be no one in Minnesota, Iowa or Wisconsin, and *vice versa*. This matter of choosing a home can only be done by the parties directly interested.

Sub., Flumer, Pa.:

Why is the day divided into 24 equal parts rather than into 20, 25, 30, or some other number?

Probably because the Egyptians, at an early period, thus divided the day. The Chinese divide the day into twelve hours, one of their hours being equal to two of ours.

J. R. T., Padua, Ill.:

Why are citizens of this state Illinois called Suckers?

The origin is thus explained: In early times, travelers going over the prairies provided themselves with long hollow reeds, which, when thirsty, they thrust into the crawfish holes, and thus obtained water. "Sucker" is no longer applicable as a nickname for an Illinois man.

A., (no postoffice):

Is it proper for the bride's parent when issuing cards for the wedding, to send cards to friends of the groom with whom neither the bride or her parents are acquainted?

Certainly. The groom should be requested to furnish a list of his friends to whom cards are to be sent. To omit this would be to treat him with the utmost discourtesy.

Sub., Oberlin, Kan.:

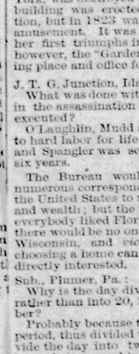
1. Please tell what the belief of the religious sect called Mennonites is. 2. Has a person a right to take more than 160 acres of government land?

1. They are classed as one of the minor denominations of Baptists. They believe in administering baptism by pouring and laying on of hands, and oppose infant baptism in all its forms. 2. No.

C. F. V., Lincoln, Neb.:

1. Who was Philip Nolan, who is reported to have died on the steamer Levant, May 11, 1863? 2. Was it true that for about 53 years he was on the ocean and was not permitted to see, hear or talk about the United States? He is reported to have been a lieutenant in the army, and was sentenced by court martial which was confirmed by Pres. Jackson in 1807.

1-2. The story was not true. It was a romance, written by Edward Everett Hale, and so skilfully done that many people believed it true.



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SHORT CUTS.

Half the trouble in this country comes from calling crime by some other name.—*Philadelphia Times.*

A baby carriage always is entitled to the right of way on the sidewalk or in the street.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

The man who never does any harm might crawl into a cave and stay there 10 years without being missed.—*Chicago Ledger.*

A Chinaman and an Indian are as different as are a trotting match and a running match—they are not the same race.—*Chicago Journal.*

Education, moderation and arbitration are what this country needs. Make the first compulsory, and the others will become voluntary.—*Philadelphia Press.*

It is the growth of prohibition sentiment in the cities that is most thoroughly frightening the rum power. Heretofore it has had all the cities for its solid allies.—*Iowa State Register.*

When a strike is conducted peaceably it is a contest between employers and employed. When strikers resort to violence an issue is raised between society and a body of rioters.—*New York Herald.*

It is very desirable that the young men educated for our army and navy should be taught the nature of alcohol, its effects and narcotics and their effects upon the human system. Too many of them now learn them later by dear experience.—*Providence Star.*

The Knights of Labor do well in excluding liquor-sellers from their order. They even go so far as to refire a man whose wife engages in the liquor business. But there are other classes of men they should beware of—loud-mouthed demagogues, for instance, who are trying to "work" the labor organizations for personal or political ends.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

The Christian church is an organization quite as old and as venerable as the Knights of Labor. Suppose the church in New York, Catholic or Protestant, should say: "No man shall work as a horse-car driver, who is not a member of the church; no unbeliever, no scoffer, no infidel is fit to work with us; the man who insults the church shall earn no wages and his family shall starve." What a howl of just indignation would arise from every honest heart in the land!—*New York Independent.*

Why will you suffer from chills and fever, or be wretched and miserable from Malaria in every part of your system when a few doses of Shallenberger's Pills will cure you?

Mixing Religion and Business.

A country minister who, in addition to his clerical duties, followed the profession of a photographer, was called upon to perform the marriage ceremony. "Now, then, young man," he said to the groom, who was nervous and excited, as all grooms ought to be, "just keep your eye on that crack in the wall and try and look pleasant."

A Hint as Good as a Nod.

The male guests at a little dancing party in a Gramercy Park (New York) home the other night were astonished to find this notice posted conspicuously in the dressing-room: "If gentlemen feel obliged to smoke during the evening cigars and keys to the park will be furnished on application to he servants."

A negro aged 19 was lynched near Camden, S. C., for an assault upon an aged lady.

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Clergymen

Lawyers, Actors, and Singers, are often troubled with loss of voice, resulting from a slight cold, weakness of the vocal organs, or inflammation of the throat, and in all such cases may be promptly relieved by the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

I would not be without Ayer's Cherry Pectoral on any account. It is an invaluable remedy in Bronchitis and Lung Complaints, and speedily relieves Hoarseness or Irritation of the Throat, caused by public speaking.—Rev. E. Bethune, Janesville, Tenn.

I have been so much afflicted with Bronchitis that I should be unable to perform my clerical duties without the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.—A. G. Kirk, Pastor Baptist Ch., Hillsville, Pa.

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Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

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Address the Peabody Medical Institute, or Dr. W. H. Parker, No. 4 Bulfinch Street, Boston, Mass., who may be consulted on all diseases requiring skill and experience. Chronic and obstinate diseases that have baffled the skill of all other physicians a specialty. Such treated successfully without an instance of failure. Mention Toledo Blade.

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The eyes are always in sympathy with the body, and afford an excellent index of its condition. When the eyes become weak, and the lids inflamed and sore, it is an evidence that the system has become disordered by Scrofula, for which Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the best known remedy.

Scrofula, which produced a painful inflammation in my eyes, caused me much suffering for a number of years. By the advice of a physician I commenced taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. After using this medicine a short time I was completely

Cured

My eyes are now in a splendid condition, and I am as well and strong as ever.—Mrs. William Gage, Concord, N. H.

For a number of years I was troubled with a humor in my eyes, and was unable to obtain any relief until I commenced using Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This medicine has effected a complete cure, and I believe it to be the best of blood purifiers.—C. E. Upton, Nashua, N. H.

From childhood, and until with a few months, I have been afflicted with Weak and Sore Eyes. I have used for these complaints, with beneficial results, Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and consider it a great blood purifier.—Mrs. C. Phillips, Glover, Vt.

I suffered for a year with inflammation in my left eye. Three ulcers formed on the ball, depriving me of sight, and causing great pain. After trying many other remedies, to no purpose, I was finally induced to use Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

By Taking

three bottles of this medicine I have been entirely cured. My sight has been restored, and there is no sign of inflammation, sore, or ulcer in my eye.—Kendal T. Bowen, Sugar Tree Ridge, Ohio.

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Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

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We will guarantee to any one who is willing to work, for us that sum per month. Salary or commission. We have Agents who are clearing $15 a day, others $5 an evening. We furnish goods worth from 50 to 100 per cent. profit. Don't waste time for profitless work, but write us at once for full particulars and permanent work we have something that can not be equalled. Write to-day.

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We have determined to make this offer to meet the views of a large number of people who want a good, reliable watch.

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The regular price of the WEEKLY BLADE for Three months is Thirty cents. We want some thousands of new three months' subscribers, and we make to our readers who have an hour to spare, the following offer:

Send us Twenty three-months' subscribers, at Thirty cents each, and we will mail you on receipt thereof, a first-class, warranted Waterbury Watch.

Bear in mind that this watch cannot be bought anywhere for less than $3.50.

Boys, girls, or any one else wanting a watch can get it for an hour or two of work.

We will pay for a Waterbury Watch and twenty three-months' subscription to the WEEKLY BLADE. Go to work at once.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

THE event of the week which has occupied the attention of the whole country has been the riots in Chicago, and the resulting agitation which it was feared would extend to other large cities. The prompt action of the police in that city, however, showed the Anarchists elsewhere that they could make no headway against the sentiment in favor of law and order, and the result has been a quiet among them which has not been broken.

THE number of failures reported this week is the same as last, that is 172. Since the beginning of the year there were 685 less than during the same time last year, which, in itself, is a most encouraging fact, and shows that had not the labor troubles come up, the country would have had a most prosperous business season. As it is, the returning good times have been checked to the disadvantage of those who have brought about the trouble in the hope of bettering their condition.

THE reports from the industrial and trade centers show a less favorable business situation than a week ago, but this is not at all surprising considering the great extent of the labor troubles, and the entire paralysis of the wholesale trade in Chicago. Besides that city, Boston, New York, Milwaukee, St. Louis, and Cincinnati have been greatly affected. The outlook for any immediate relief is not encouraging. There has been a slight improvement in the stock market within the last two or three days.

THE industrial disturbances have been complicated since the opening of the month by the further general demand made at all the great centres of industry, that for the future eight hours shall constitute a day's labor. This demand is not made by all trades alike. Even some of those who have united in the demand for a reduction of hours have accepted nine instead of eight. It has been ascertained that 325,000 men have taken part in the movement since it was inaugurated. Of these 175,000 have gone out on strikes, while 150,000 have had their demands acceded to, or concessions made without striking. Of the strikers about 35,000 have gained their end, but the remainder find their employers firm in their refusal to yield, many of them preferring to shut down rather than to give in to the eight-hour demand.

THE special Congressional committee appointed to investigate the labor difficulties between the employes on the Southwestern system of railroads and the officials of these roads finally settled the difficulty by sending a letter to the Executive committee of the Knights of Labor asking them to declare the strike off and the request was acceded to, as the most that the Knights now desired was recognition. In consequence the week has seen a return to their labor of as many of the strikers as could obtain their old places, although there are many still out, as new men had been employed to do their work.

A JOINT resolution providing for a constitutional amendment extending the Presidential term to the 30th of April, instead of the 4th of March, 1889, and providing that the term of the Fiftieth congress be also extended to that date, has been favorably reported to the senate.

THE Ways and Means committee of the House of Representatives is opposed to the Mexican Reciprocity Treaty-enabling act, and is also in favor of the abrogation of the Hawaiin treaty, and the formation of a new one. It is probable in the case of the first that the bill will fail to pass, as it is extremely doubtful whether the Mexican government will consent to the extension of the time for ratification in order to ascertain the disposition of the next Congress towards it. The failure will prevent any increase of commerce with Mexico.

THE plans for the additional cruisers for the navy are approaching completion, and as soon as ready, Sec. WHITNEY will meet the board and discuss them, and if they meet his approval their construction will be begun immediately. It is said that these cruisers will exceed in speed any of the vessels of foreign navies.

THE Massachusetts House of Representatives has passed a bill providing a State Board of Arbitration consisting of three persons, one representing employers, one to be selected from some labor organization, and these two to select a third, the persons thus appointed to hold office for one year. Whenever any controversy arises between an employer and his employes, upon application the board will visit the locality of the dispute, hear witnesses, advise the parties what to do and make a written decree. The application must state the grievances and also a promise to continue on in business or at work until the decree is made, and the decision will be binding for six months, or until either party has given the other 60 days' notice it will not be bound by it. The bill further allows the parties to any controversy to select an arbitration board of their own, which will have all the powers of the State board and the right to confer and advise with it.

ONE of the noteworthy events of the last week was the formation of a gigantic glassware syndicate for the purpose of bulling and afterward regulating all classes of lime and flint glass and tableware. The American Flint & Lime association represents a product of 1,000 tons of glassware per day, including seventeen of the twenty tableware factories of the United States. The articles of the association have been framed and signed, but the beginning of the new regime is for some unaccountable reason posponed to August 1.

MR. GLADSTONE thoroughly understands the temper of the English people, and if any man can carry Home Rule through to final success, he is that one. The circulation of copies of his manifesto throughout England among the very people who would otherwise not see it, but who would be convinced of its argument of the strength of his position. On the other side, the speech that has made the greatest impression is that of Mr. TREVELYAN, who denied Mr. GLADSTONE'S right to lay down a creed for the Liberal party. Meanwhile the Tories are working through, and, with the Orange party, are encouraging the people of Ulster county in their threatening position.

THE fact that GLADSTONE is master of the Liberal party of England was fully established last week, when out of 600 delegates present at the meeting of the National Liberal Federation of Great Britain, only 25 votes could be diverted from unqualified approval of his Home Rule plan. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN had expected to find more support, but the enthusiasm for Mr. GLADSTONE was almost riotous. From present appearances the bill will pass the second reading. It will be sure to do should the two great Liberal leaders become reconciled. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN now declares he will waive all of his differences if the principle of Irish representation in the British Parliament is maintained—a thing he considers necessary to prevent separation—and will support the bill. So far Mr. GLADSTONE has left that an open question to be treated later on.

AFFAIRS between France and the Vatican are in a somewhat strained condition. The Pope in response to a request from the government of China desires to send a papal nuncio to Pekin, thus establishing direct diplomatic relations with China. This step is opposed by the French minister of war, M. DE FREYCINET, who insists that an apostolic delegate shall be sent, the same as to Constantinople, and he declares that in case of the persistence of the Pope, France will not be answerable for the consequences. In other words, a nuncio at Pekin, means to be without one at Paris. Which one the Pope will think most valuable remains to be seen, but the future of the church in the extreme East, which has hitherto been under the protectorate of France, is no doubt involved in the decision.

THE Greek ministry has resigned and King GEORGE, after refusing to accept the resignation, was compelled to do so, and has called upon M. RHAKIS to form a new one. This probably does away with the prospect of war, as it is not likely that the new ministers will persist in the face of the demands of the Powers, in pursuing a defiant course. The King is disposed to hold Minister DELYANNIS responsible for the present condition of affairs.

THE treasury of the republic of Colombia is empty, and the government there is going to try exactly the experiment which our greenback friends a few years ago wished to have tried in the United States. There is a scarcity of money, and our South American friends have enacted a law for the issue of a paper currency of the denomination of one dollar, 20 cents and 10 cents, which are made a legal tender for all debts, and the issue is to be irredeemable. This fulfills exactly all the conditions of the "fiat money" of which the greenbackers talked so much. They should watch the issue of the experiment carefully. It may show them the magnitude of the financial danger which we escaped.

BELGIUM has made the announcement that she protects the Congo Free State. That protection will hold good only until the Congo Free State becomes worth the trouble of annexation by one of the great powers, and then Belgium will find that she has more than her hands full.

SINCE April 1 the Spanish floating debt has been diminished from 60,000,000 pesetas to 49,000,000. The government has decided to renew negotiations with the United States for a treaty of commerce, in order to improve the trade and revenue of Cuba.

SEN. DAWES'S bill to provide for the possession of lands in severalty among the Indian tribes, which passed the Senate some time ago, has been quite radically amended by the House committee on Indian Affairs. As it passed the Senate it provided that any Indian, whether a member of a tribe holding land by treaty or otherwise, should have a right to select 160 acres for himself and smaller divisions of land for the women and children of his family, the title of which should rest for twenty-five years in trusteeship, and then be made absolute by a patent from the government. The House committee, with the view of preventing the abandonment of Indian reservations by the secretary of the interior after all the Indians of the tribe had selected lands in severalty, tacked on an amendment to the effect that no individual Indian should be permitted to take land for himself until a majority of the tribe should vote to accept the provisions of the bill. SEN. DAWES says he would rather see the bill defeated and the question left open than to see it become a law with this amendment. It is not impossible that Sen. DAWES and his friends who are in search of an issue for use next winter would prefer to have the question left open in any event; but, unfortunately for their hopes of an issue on this point, there are indications that the House committee will reconsider its action and report the bill in nearly the shape it came from the Senate.

THE Cotton-seed Crushers' association are becoming alarmed at the bill pending, which proposes a tax on manufactured butter, and are asking some of the members of Congress to co-operate in defeating it. If passed, the telegrams say, "this bill would strike directly at Southern cotton planters, whose seed is crushed by about 130 mills, and the oil from which enters largely into the manufacture of butter." The general experience seems to be that the imitation stuff is sold to consumers at the full price of genuine butter, and is so disguised by coloring that it cannot be distinguished, except by experts, from the genuine article. It is to be hoped that the bill will pass, and that we will have no more bogus butter. Let it be sold under its proper name.

THE exhibition of the natural and industrial products of India and the British colonies, which was formally opened by Queen VICTORIA last week, is expected to do a great deal in the direction of increasing the trade between Great Britain and these countries. A great deal is expected from the opening of the great railway across Canada, as it will not only be of great commercial importance, but also be a safe way of transportation for armies and supplies to India, in case of a war involving the Mediterranean powers. One great object of the exhibition was to draw Canada closer to the Mother country.

THE following, from the Atlanta *Constitution*, shows the foolish lengths to which the excitable Southerners went in their adulation of that miserable old mummy, JEFF DAVIS:

PRES. DAVIS'S HAT.

At the club reception last night, Mr. H. W. Grady turned over Mr. Davis's hat to Judge Harris, Sen. Mandeville, John Triplet, of Thomasville, and Solicitor Wommack, with instructions to divide it out. It was cut into several hundred pieces and distributed into 60 counties. Mr. Hugh McKelldin tendered a new hat, which was received with applause by the crowd, and with thanks by Mr. Davis.

LABOR associations have effected great good in one direction, and that is the promotion of the cause of temperance. In many of them that is one of the conditions of membership.

DR. LYMAN ABBOTT AND PROHIBITION.

The following paragraph, originally printed in a New York paper, is being eagerly copied far and wide, in various forms, by papers which are the creatures of the Rum Power, and which truckle to it in on all occasions:

The Prohibitionists received a knockdown blow from the pulpit, when the Rev. Lyman Abbott, himself almost an ascetic, wrote that although in the time of the New Testament there was a sect of Prohibitionists in the church, they were not contenanced by Jesus, for He was a moderate drinker, and by making wine and by His example encouraged others to drink. But the Prohibitionists have this to fall back upon—wine is not what the majority of men are thinking of when they demand that the liquor trade shall not be interfered with.

Well, what of it? Suppose LYMAN ABBOTT did say it, what then? Does that make the habit of drinking, and the fearful train of woes that follow in it its wake mandatory upon Christians? Is LYMAN ABBOTT possessed of all power, that his opinion shall be all—powerful? Is his opinion more potent in Christendom than that of any or all of the long line of eminent divines, from the fathers of the church down to the present time, who have denounced drinking, and urged all Christians to abstain from liquor?

Whatever Rev. LYMAN ABBOTT may say, and with all due deference to his learning, there is not one iota of proof that Our Savior ever was "a moderate drinker." We do not intend to go into a discussion of the time-worn question as to whether the wine which CHRIST made, at the wedding feast in Cana of Galilee, was fermented or unfermented, and hence whether it was intoxicating, or simply the harmless juice of the grape, freshly pressed from the fruit. The opinion of those who have gone furthest into the necessary historical research to elucidate this question is that it was non-intoxicating, because unfermented. For ourselves, we are not willing to believe that the mighty Founder of the faith of millions, the Son of God himself clothed with humanity, either countenanced or permitted, during his sojourn upon earth, the habit of drinking—even "moderate" drinking.

No, we do not believe LYMAN ABBOTT nor his assertions. He may be sincere in them, but sincerity of belief does not make whatever he may believe the truth. But, for the purpose of argument, let us assume that his statements may be true; what then?

We, as Christians, are bound to observe the commands that have been laid upon us by JESUS. Are we commanded to drink wine, save in communion of the death of our Savior, at the solemn celebration of the Lord's Supper? No.

The assumption in the paragraph above quoted is that, as Christ, according to LYMAN ABBOTT'S belief, drank wine in moderation, therefore it is not wrong for all men of the present day to be moderate drinkers; nay, more than this—that the example of Our Savior is to be followed.

This latter assumption does not follow. CHRIST was a Jew, and he followed strictly all the observances of the ceremonial law of Moses. Shall we do the same? Are we to understand that we must avoid eating pork, in any form, because CHRIST never used it? That we must eat only the food recognized as clean by the great Israelitish lawgiver, because our Savior did so? The argument is absurd.

What, then, shall be said of the argument involved in the assumption that because CHRIST did not in so many words prohibit drinking, that it is permissible to us? This is a common argument with the upholders of the Rum Power, as the Scriptural argument "Cursed be Canaan," was, 30 years ago, one of the sheet-anchors of the defenders of the accursed system of human slavery.

The plain fact in the matter is, that it is not of the slightest moment to us of this latter day whether CHRIST drank wine, or made wine by miracle at Cana, or permitted His disciples to drink wine. The question of Prohibition is not a religious one. A truly religious man cannot be other than a Prohibitionist, we devoutly believe; but we do not believe, by any means, that a Prohibitionist must necessarily be a Christian. In truth, many of them are not. The only question that is presented to us in the drink problem, is whether a man is as good a citizen, as good a son, as good a husband, as good a father, when he drinks as when he does not.

Drinking wine made from the pure juice of the grape in the days of CHRIST is one thing, and drinking rum, and gin, and whisky, and brandy, and beer—all of which were the unknown—is quite another. "Wine is a mocker," "and at the best it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder," says Holy Writ. What form of words is strong enough to formulate the awful consequences of drinking the hell-broths that are prepared by the brewers, and distillers, and rectifiers of to-day, with drugs and poisons added to them to increase tenfold the evil of the alcohol and other constituents of the liquors themselves? With all the warnings scattered through the Scriptures, of prophets and apostles, who can say that Christianity countenances drinking.

The true rule for mankind as to any given line of conduct should be, "What are its effects upon the person—upon his physical system, upon his moral nature? What are they upon his standing as a useful citizen and member of the commonwealth? And what are its effects upon the community at large and the nation? Measure Rum drinking by these standards, and what do we find?

We find that all drinking is dangerous—even "moderate" drinking. There is no habit that so insensibly steals upon a man, and makes him its slave. The grave has uncounted thousands of "moderate" drinkers who died of Rum—base, abject victims of the terrible thirst which overpowered them.

To the body it is a prison. It ruins the nerves, it enfeebles the brain, it destroys the stomach and digestion; it poisons the liver, it destroys the kidneys; it bloats and disfigures a man, it ruins his skin by blotching and reddenning it. It shortens life even where it does not kill outright.

To the moral nature, it is equally as great an evil. It deadens all sense of right and wrong. It inflames the passions, and leads directly to crime. It makes a man forget his duty to his parents, his wife, his children; it destroys his usefulness as a citizen, as a contributor to the wealth and natural prosperity of the nation. It is an evil to a man, and no less an evil to the state. It is the most potent factor in filling our jails, and penitentiaries, and insane asylums. It increases our taxes for all these things, and for the support of almshouses filled with the helpless wives and children of these victims of Rum. It is evil to all, and nothing but evil.

And what is there on the other side? Nothing! There is not one good thing can be said of Rum or Rum-drinking. Whether CHRIST allowed it or not is of little moment compared with the tremendous fact that it is the most potent agent for evil, and crime, and misery, and suffering, that the world ever saw. For the well-being of humanity, all the forces for good should unit in the effort to

Pulverize the Rum Power.

NONE of the Southern States, except Texas, have so far been afflicted with strikes and labor disturbances, a thing which is probably largely due to the almost universal employment of negroes to do manual labor, and they are not given to organization and rebellion.

WE think the stars and stripes good enough for this country. Down with the red flag!

FREE TRADE SOPHISMS AMONG THE FARMERS.

A subscriber in Detroit, Minn., writes the BLADE a letter, inclosing a long article clipped from some paper, of which he says:

It may cause you to look at the protective policy in a different light. You are doing splendidly in your crusade against rum, but you are very much mistaken in regard to a high tariff being a blessing to farmers. Your paper is a good one, but it would be far better suited to the Northwest if it went in for free trade.

While thanking our friend for his eulogy, we must remind him that the BLADE advocates those principles which it believes best for the whole nation—East and West, North and South—and it does not desire to advocate a wrongful and ruinous policy simply because the people of a section believe in it. We know a protective policy is better for the farmers and for the entire country, and hence we advocate it.

The article which he incloses displays a large amount of ignorance on the part of its writer, and contains fallacies which his common sense should have enabled him to detect at once. We have not space to devote to a refutation of the entire screed, but shall briefly note a point or two. Its writer first dilates on the fact that his parents paid $75 for a sewing machine, and that the same machine sold in England for $40, and $200 for a reaper which could be bought in England for about half that price. He immediately assumes that the higher cost in America of these two machines was because of the tariff, and hastily declares that therefore we should have free trade.

We pity the farmers of the Northwest if they believe such rot, and the man who writes it is to be commiserated for his ignorance. The sewing machine is an American invention. It was patented here, and the inventor made an enormous fortune. So did the inventors who followed him with certain devices used in all machines So long as the original patents and their extensions held good on the eye-pointed needle, the four-motion feed, the "take-up" device and tension, the shuttle-tension—devices used in all machines up to a recent period—the sewing-machine business was a monopoly. No machine has ever been invented that did not use the eye-pointed needle, the take-up, and the tension. Until the patents thereon expired, the inventors could charge a heavy royalty on every machine made which used them, and the prices were kept up. A few years ago these patents expired, and machines at once became cheaper. The BLADE is now furnishing as good a machine as the world ever saw at $18. Twenty years ago it could not have been sold at less than $50 to $75, because of the heavy royalty that would have been demanded for the use of the eye-pointed needle, shuttle tension, take-up, etc. Of course there are patents on the BLADE machine, preventing others from using its peculiar points of excellence.

Now, it is a fact that American sewing machines were extensively counterfeited in England, and as the manufacturers there did not pay royalty to the American patentees, they could therefore sell at a less price than was demanded in America, and yet make fortunes. Of course, genuine American machines were exported to England and sold there largely; but their prices had to be reduced to compete with those of English make.

The fact should now be plain to our friend, that the tariff had no more to do with the matter than with the changes of the moon. The lucky inventors of the best devices for sewing by machinery had, during the life of their patents, a practical monopoly. They made fortunes, but the people now reap the benefit of their ingenuity; and it is a fact that our patent laws have spurred our American inventors on until we lead the world in lavor-saving machinery, much of which would never have been invented had it not been for the hope of a fortune through our patent laws.

Almost precisely the same state of things is true of the reaping machine as of the sewing machine, and we will not take space to give details. It is plain that the tariff has nothing to do in either instance given by the ignorant free-trader who wrote the article sent us.

The only point we have space to notice further is this: that, although there is a duty on imports of wheat, corn, barley, hogs and dairy products, none are imported, because we produce more than we need, and export them. Let us ask one question: If we had free trade, how would it help things? Would we sell one bushel of grain, one pound of butter or cheese, or of beef or pork, more than we do now? Of course not. The entire abolition of our tariff would not cause people abroad to buy one bit more than they now do, nor would it increase the price. Where, then, is the benefit of free trade to the farmer?

Protection is a benefit to the entire country, and to the farmers as well as others. Of the 55,000,000 people in the United States, one-fourth are dependent upon manufacturing, etc., for subsistence. All that they eat—the flour, the meal, the cheese, the butter and milk, potatoes, fruits, poultry, beef, pork and mutton,—all is produced by the farmers. Suppose we inaugurate free trade, and our manufactures are destroyed. These 13,000,000 of people can no longer obtain their subsistence in this way. They must become producers of food instead of consumers. They must go to farming, and stock raising, and dairying. Add these thirteen millions to our agricultural community, and it increases our farmers by one-half. What is the result? There will be one-half more wheat, and corn, and all farm products, raised. The result would be, a fall in the present prices of all these things. Great as is our export trade, by the greater proportion of these things are consumed at home. The home market would be reduced one-half, and the total production raised one-half more than now. It would mean ruin to thousands of farmers.

The secret of the whole matter is, the home market is the most profitable for the farmer. The tariff, by promoting diversified industries, creates and enlarges this home market. We have now probably too many farmers. We raise too much grain; for the price depends on the total amount raised in the world, and when there is more produced in a year than the world eats in a year, the price falls. This is the sole trouble with the farmers. If we could double our manufactures, and thus double the number of men occupied in these industries, the price of farm products would rise, and our farmers grow rich. And the tariff aids in this increase of the home consumer class. If our Northwestern friends will go into this question deeper than the surface, they will find that protection is the true policy for themselves and for the nation.

THE Minnesota Knights of Labor have purchased 600 acres of land in Crow Wing county, and will establish thereon a co-operative colony. Three families go out at once, and others will follow rapidly. The land is to be held in common forever, but the profits are to be divided yearly among the workers. As regards the latter feature the community will be unique. A village will be laid out, and each colonist allowed to hold one lot in fee simple. All the land is inalienable. The Northern Pacific railroad, from which the land was bought, has agreed to hold the entire township in reserve for the order for a reasonable time.

IT is remarked by our sage contemporary, the Chicago *Journal*—and no doubt it speaks from personal observation—that "There is one industry that the strikers do not boycott—the saloon industry."

THE CHICAGO ANARCHISTS.

It is to be noted, in the riots at Chicago, that the violent element of the mob was composed of communists and anarchists. It is the misfortune of the honest laboring men of the country that whenever an effort is made by striking to attain some desirable end, all the loafers in the land attach themselves to the movement and discredit it in the minds of the people at large. The roll of the dead and injured rioters contains but one or two American names. The others are all foreign. This shows the fact that it is the dangerous foreign element of our population that is making the trouble. It is that class of men who mistake liberty for license, and who hate every other man who has any property, even if it be but a cottage home, simply because he possesses it. Too idle and vicious to work, they are an element of danger in the community—an element that should be eliminated at once.

The absolute certainty with which the communist element, and the vicious, law-hating, property-destroying class, come to the front at such times, has built up a very powerful public feeling against strikes as a means of accomplishing ends. The members of labor organizations should remember that they are but a minority, and a small one at that, of the entire population of the country. Whatever effort they may make in the direction of securing higher wages or shorter hours must be made by such peaceable and law-abiding methods as will secure to them the sympathy and good-feeling of the great mass of the community not directly interested in the struggle on one side or the other. The destruction of property by fire or mob violence, the attempt to murder or maltreat men who insist on working in establishments where a strike is going on, all prejudice the cause of labor. And the condemnation of public opinion falls not alone on the persons engaged in rioting, or arson, or murder, but upon the workmen and the labor organization which caused the strike, and thus gave opportunity for these outrageous acts.

We believe that the net result of the great strikes of this spring, and of those now pending, will be to cause reputable labor organizations to drop them as a means of coercing employers. It seems to us that there should be intelligence and sagacity enough among the leaders for them to see that the violence, which is sure to follow, damages their cause more than even a victory over their employers can aid them. There are cer ain rights of person and property which the people of the land will not see constantly violated with impunity; and they will visit their displeasure upon the men or the organization which affords opportunities in this way for the lazy and ignorant, the criminal foreign element, inflamed by deep potations of beer and whisky, to commit murder and pillage. Labor must reach the ends at which it aims by peaceful and legitimate methods, or it will never reach them.

With regard to the men engaged in throwing dynamite bombs, and rioting in Chicago, they are not honest workingmen, and but few of them are Americans. They should be hunted down without mercy, and every real workingman who desires his cause to triumph should join with the authorities in every effort to bring them to account. They must show the people of the nation that they have neither affiliation with nor sympathy for the anarchist scoundrels, if they expect moral support.

LIVING TRUTHS.

The following utterances of Judge HUBBARD, of Nebraska, in passing sentence upon some convicted rumsellers, are worthy of repetition, for they contain vital truths which should be brought home to every liquor seller in the land who deals out ruin and death to his fellow creatures:

There is something in the taking of human life instantaneously that shocks and terrifies the minds of all; and yet we look upon the man who takes human life quite as surely but by a slow, lingering process, if not without condemnation, at least without horror. You, who stand before the court for sentence, are in every moral sense murderers, and you are in the spirit, if not in the letter, guilty of manslaughter; for the law says that whosoever accelerates the death of a human being unlawfully is guilty of the crime. Your bloated victims upon the witness stand, and who undoubtedly committed perjury to screen you from the law, not only unblushingly testify that you are accelerating death, but that you are inducing men to commit still greater crimes than your own. You still maintain the appearance of respectability, but how morally loprous and sinfulness you are inwardly! The ruin, poverty and idleness which you are inflicting upon this community declare, as if from the housetops, that you are living in idleness and eating the bread of orphans watered with widows' tears. You are stealthily killing your victims and murdering the peace and industry of the community, and thereby converting happy, industrious homes into misery, poverty and rags. Anxious mothers wash and pray in tears nightly, with desolate hearts, for the coming home of your victims, whom you are luring, with the wiles and smiles of the devil, into midnight debauchery.

THERE are fourteen states and territories which levy a tax in one form or other on commercial travelers, and in some places it is so large that it is almost prohibitory in its effect. The efforts of the Traders and Travelers' union to correct this evil have resulted in the James bill, now pending in Congress, which provides that commercial travelers be allowed to sell their goods in all states and territories without paying a state, county or city license. The bill is a very important one; the petitions presented contained the names of 5,000 of the most prominent manufacturers in the country. It is to be hoped that the bill will pass, as the present system works injustice both to the merchant and to the consumer and it should be abolished.

DAVID DUDLEY FIELD, who has been making a personal investigation of the matter, says that in the city of New York there are 12,000 children under twelve years of age who are homeless, and of these 7,000 have absolutely no shelter, and sleep where night and darkness chance to find them. Even those who have a place to lay their heads, find it in some den, into which no child should be permitted to enter. It is a terrible thought that there are 12,000 of these little creatures growing up to prey upon society, for a life of crime is the almost inevitable consequence of such surroundings in their early years. If Toledo has a proportionate number of homeless children, there is work to do for our philanthropist

THE area of the present year's winter wheat crop is estimated at 24,727,087 acres, against 25,975,659 acres sown and 22,148,543 acres seeded, the present acreage, therefore, being 2,579,544 acres greater than a year ago after the abandonment of 3,827,116 acres of winter-killed wheat.

NEW JERSEY has passed a law for the arbitration of labor disputes. It provides for a commission of five persons in each case, two to be selected by employers, two by the operatives, and the fifth by the four previously provided for. It is a step in the right direction.

THE House Judiciary committee has decided against the woman suffrage amendment to the Constitution, but quite a large minority reported reasons why the amendment should be submitted. It is only a matter of time until it will be.

A BILL has been introduced into the New York Senate providing that soldiers shall be preferred in the public employment of all cities, towns and villages in the state. A violation of the act by any official is made a misdemeanor.

THE temperance people of New York will rejoice over the fact that the Platt bill abolishing the drinking saloon in the Albany Capitol has passed the Assembly.

THE MORMON PROBLEM.

MR. NIMMO, late chief of the bureau of statistics, made recently a trip of several weeks' duration to Utah and Idaho, for the purpose of studying the Mormon question. On his return he addressed an open letter to the House judiciary committee on the subject of the supplementary Edmunds bill now before it, which the committee shows a disposition to kill by failing to report it. Mr. NIMMO does not touch on the question of polygamy, but discusses Mormonism as a political institution. He believes it to be inherently disloyal to the government of the United States; that a compromise with it is impossible, and that the simplest and most effective mode of breaking its political power and bringing it under national control is to abolish the territorial form of government, and to substitute a board of commissioners. His opinion, after studying the problem, is that the real trouble in Utah is not so much that the greater part of the Mormons practice polygamy and the large majority believe in it, as that there is in existence in the territory a political organization directly and inherently hostile to the United States government, and which cannot, as an organization, be brought into harmony with it.

TIME FOR ACTION.

Now that the first excitement consequent upon the scenes of riot and bloodshed last Tuesday and Wednesday in Chicago has passed away, and the matter can be reviewed calmly and dispassionately, two or three things come forcibly to the front and make themselves felt by every thoughtful person in this country.

First, it is evident that the leaders, all of them, and the participators with but few exceptions in those deeds of violence, were foreigners, who, in their own countries were law breakers, whether calling themselves Anarchists, Communists or Socialists, and who came to the United States in order to turn the liberty allowed its people into license to rob, murder and destroy for their own selfish purposes. They were in no one instance respectable workingmen. Few had been in this country long enough to have the least personal interest here. In Milwaukee, for instance, where 15,000 men were out on a strike, less than 500 participated in the riots, and of these, the *Wisconsin* states, almost every one was Polish, and unable to speak or understand the English language. Probably not one in ten knew what he was rioting about. Very nearly the same thing was true in Chicago. Led by these blatant rebels against all government, who play upon their worst passions for their own ends, ignorant of consequences, they are ready, like a mass of dynamite, to explode whenever the match is applied, carrying destruction everywhere.

Second, the time has come when the question of permitting these red-handed Anarchists a resting place here must be considered, with reference to immediate action. It is an absolute injustice for the Government to make no distinction between the enemies of *all* government, these cowards, whose only object is to stir up rebellion against law and order, to mangle and destroy, and the peaceful, industrious immigrant who comes hither to find a home, and to become an honest citizen of the Republic. It is easier to prevent evil than to cure it. Freedom of speech cannot be denied without danger. The thing is to keep all known Anarchists out of the country, of which, without perjuring themselves they cannot become citizens, and toward which, they have no other sentiment than that animating all other beasts of prey.

These creatures have been taught a lesson. That it was an unexpected one there is no doubt. It had the effect of preventing further violence in Chicago, and of keeping the red-handed ruffians in other large cities from inaugurating similar scenes of violence. The people are now aroused to a degree that any further movement upon their part, would bring the direst punishment. The leaders arrested in Chicago should be tried for murder, like any other common criminals. Convicted, they should swing.

It is unfortunate that these riots should come in the midst of the labor troubles of the country, for a connection between the two will unavoidably be made in the minds of many people. The acts of the Anarchists have been emphatically denounced by the Knights of Labor, and other labor organizations. One of these in Cincinnati unanimously adopted the following resolutions, which cannot be misunderstood, and which, doubtless, express the sentiments of the honest, intelligent workingman everywhere:

WHEREAS, Certain refugees from foreign shores, the scum of society, whose principles and practices are inimical to the welfare of our government, are directly opposed to the honest interests of all workingmen; therefore,

Resolved, That we denounce any and all cowards and assassins who flaunt the red rag of socialism in the faces of American workingmen

Resolved, That, as workingmen, anxious to uphold the peace and dignity of the government of the United States, we will bear arms and march under the Stars and Stripes if necessary to wipe out these foul blots on the body politic that are a stench in the nostrils of every true citizen of the United States.

ANOTHER step will probably be taken in the direction of civil service reform. Mr. R. H. DANA, secretary of the Massachusetts Civil Service Reform association, has suggested that the several departments keep a list for public inspection, of all the changes in office under it, with names and the cause, as often as can be obtained, of the change. He urged it as a step toward publicity and in furtherance of the reform idea, as it would keep the people informed and act as a check upon indiscriminate removals. The President is reported as pleased with this idea. He is willing to gratify the public when asked to do so by the mugwumps, but he draws the line at the Senate.

A PHILADELPHIA firm has made a corner on peppermint, and the price has already been advanced 15 per cent. with a prospect of going indefinitely higher. The corner is in the interest of a man named HOTCHEISS, of Wayne county, N. Y., who is the "Peppermint King." The mint acreage of the country is about 4,000 acres, and a fair year's crop is worth about $250,000. Last year, however, was a bad season, and the total crop did not exceed $150,000 in value.

IT is prophested, in view of the magnificent prospects for the wheat crop all over the world, and the enormous increase in the acreage sown here, that wheat will sell at 60 cents in Chicago this fall. This means 25 to 30 cents to the farmers of the West and Northwest. There is but one remedy: they must raise less wheat and more of other products, especially liver stock.

A YOUNG Japanese lady has been sent from Tokio by the government of Japan to find out how girls are educated in this country. She is going to take a course in the Salem, Mass., Normal school, and then, after visiting different schools here, will go back to her own country to introduce improvements into the educational system there. That is a progressive country.

THOSE who want a watch, old or young, male or female, can secure one by working a few hours. See announcement in first column of this page. Twenty three-months subscribers to the BLADE at our regular price, 30 cents each, secures the warranted Waterbury, as good a time-piece as was ever carried. This is an opportunity never before offered. It is no trouble at all to get three months subscriptions to the BLADE.

NASBY.

...ticed at Cold ... contains the proof of my story. A soldier started to bake some beans, by digging a hole two feet deep and twenty inches wide in the ground, and then filling it with dry wood. He started his fire, and set over it his large camp kettle of beans and pork, to parboil. He then picked up a quantity of old unexploded shells, washed them out well on the inside, brought them to his fire, which by this time had got down to a nice bed of coals. He took off his kettle, poured off the water, laid his washed shells in on the fire and placed his kettle of pork and beans back on the top of the shells intending as soon as they were hot enough to take them out and put across the kettle to bake the beans well on the top. A comrade came to the fire about this time to toast some hard-tack in order to kill the grubs therein, but seeing the shells in the fire, he sprang back, exclaiming "What in h—l have you got in that fire under that kettle?" The cook said he was going to show the boys how to cook baked beans well on the top, and said there was no danger from the shells for he had cleaned them out well. But his comrade said that he had rather eat raw meat than take the chances of toasting hard bread there. I heard these remarks as I was passing for water to a spring. Just in front of me at my right hand were several army wagons and behind the one nearest me were four mule drivers playing poker on the hind end board of one of the wagons. Between them lay a quantity of Uncle Sam's paper gold for which we had enlisted in '61 and which at this time was worth about 33 1-3 cents on the dollar to the bondholder, while nothing short of a dollar for dollar to the enlisted man would do for Uncle Sam, but to my story. Just at that time I heard a terrible explosion in the rear of the battery and when I looked back I could see nothing in the air but dirt, camp kettle and pork and beans. An unexploded shell passed me with a whirr and dropped between two of the pirties playing poker. It began to fizz, fizz. Some of the money caught fire, but not a soul by this time could I see around me. Several of the heated shells lay about sizzing and sending forth a blue smoke, such as most of the boys did not care to parley with. Do you think I stood still all this time, and let that hind end board burn up when I owned to save government property? I guess not; but I have never heard of any one that had anything to do with that bean bake being promoted for meritorious conduct, and now I believe old unexploded shells are dangerous around any fire —J. E. JOHNSON, Barnhart's Mills, Pa.

One of Buell's Men.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—I see in the issue of the BLADE of the 15th inst. T. S. Bryant's strictures upon Gen. Buell's army, in which he quotes from the record. I am not conversant with the record, but I do know that Buell's army tried hard to get to the field of Shiloh, and I do not believe that there was any desire upon the part of officers or men to shirk in any way their duty. McCook's division marched on Sunday, April 6, 30 miles, nearly the way under the roar of the battle, with fewer stragglers than ever reported afterwards on so severe a march. As to Buell's not wanting us on the field, is it not a little singular that the active participants in Sunday's battle cannot agree as to whether Gen. Grant's army was surprised or not, when Gen. Buell, 100 miles away from the scene of conflict should have known that that battle would be fought five days later. The facts are that Buell's army saved the day, and so history will and does teach. Gen. Grant is dead, honored in death as in life, for his great service to his country by his grateful fellow-citizens, and there is no reason why T. S. Bryant or any other, should disparage the commander of another army for the purpose of increasing the lustre of Gen. Grant's name. The army of the Cumberland needs no apologies to be made for it or its commanders, were brave to the extreme, ever responding to the call of dutyr officers; and men ever ready for the fray. No man can say we were ever found wanting in the hour of trial. Comrades who were there and let the enemy surprise and almost annihilate them should not complain. We know it wasn't your fault, boys, and we know, too, that we had a "tarnal" hard time getting you through with all you could do to help. But don't call our officers hard names. We respect and esteem them as much as you do yours.—S. M. DOW, Fall River, Kansas.

A Good Sentiment.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—In the CAMP FIRE of April 8, comrade T. M. Lamous, West Plains, Mo., mentions a former letter of mine and says that he was also at the battle of Prairie Grove. I was glad to hear from him and hope other members of the old brigade will write. I would like to correct one expression used by comrade Lamous, "that we have now lost by the ballot what we gained by the bayonet." As I understand it, we fought to put down the rebellion and restore the Union, and while doing it, it became expedient to free the slaves. The Democratic party, coming into power, does not, in my opinion, endanger the freedom of the negroes or threaten dissolution of the Union. If we have voted the Republican ticket ever since I was old enough, until the last Presidential election, when I voted the Prohibition ticket. If we would break up the Solid South, we must do it by kindness and by joining hands with them on Prohibition. A letter from "Southern Woman," Plano, Tex., in CAMP FIRE of April 8, expresses my sentiments in regard to the way we should treat the South.—J. G. HOWSMON, Harristown, Ill.

Another Kind of a Pension.

EDITOR CAM

TALMAGE ON THE CHASE OF LIFE.

The Hunt for the World—How Different Hunters Bag the Game.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., May 9.—Rev. T. De Witt Talmage preached this morning in the Brooklyn Tabernacle on the subject, "Return from the Chase," taking his text from Genesis xlix, 27: "In the morning he shall devour the prey, and at night he shall divide the spoil." Dr. Talmage said: "There is in this chapter such an affluence of simile and allegory, such a mingling of metaphors, that there are a thousand thoughts in it not on the surface. Old Jacob, dying, is telling the fortunes of his children. He prophesies the devouring propensities of Benjamin and his descendants. With his dim old eyes he looks off and sees the hunters going out to the fields, ranging them all day and at nightfall coming home, the game slung over the shoulder; and reaching the door of the tent the hunters begin to distribute the game, and one takes a coney, and another a rabbit, and another a roe.

The Household.

MISS EMILY S. BOUTON, - - - - EDITOR.

HOME TALKS.

WITH ALL YOUR MIGHT.

I am going back to-day to an old subject—one which perhaps many of you will think is worn out—but it is of such vital importance to the future of women in industrial fields that I cannot let it alone. Attention to it is so absolute a necessity in order to enable women to be able to take and hold their own in the face of the fierce competition in the labor world that I feel impelled to do all that my brain and pen can do to impress it upon you. I refer to a thorough preparation for whatever you intend to do to earn an independence, and then to earnest, enthusiastic labor in that direction to win success. Mediocre work—poor work—will be paid for accordingly or rejected entirely, the latter depending absolutely upon the necessities of the public.

I believe I am telling the undeniable truth, when I say that intelligent, well-directed labor in any direction, always finds a market, sooner or later. The time of waiting depends, of course, upon how much it has to do with supplying real needs in the community. Should its products belong to what appeals only to the taste, the returns may be longer in coming, but they are finally sure. The problem to be settled when turning your energies in any such direction is, whether you can afford to wait while working. If not, then unite your brains with your hands in some more homely occupation, until the results will warrant you in returning to your original aim and purposes.

My attention was again turned to the lack of well-prepared workwomen by several recent occurrences. One of these was a conversation with a lady who was endeavoring to find some one skilled in dressmaking to come into her house and assist her for a few days.

"It is impossible," she said; "I have gone through the length and breadth of the city, and I can find no one I can trust. Those who are really efficient are engaged until midsummer."

And yet that very day I had received at least four applications from distressed women, for assistance to get them something to do. Two were willing to work at anything—*except housework*—but had no training in any single direction. The others had aspirations towards a literary life. One was cultivated and could write smoothly. She could see no reason why she could not at once command living wages as a journalist, nor could she comprehend any necessity for special preparation for the work, though she had tried and failed. Now, real privation stared her in the face unless she could find a place.

"You have a good eye for color and form," I said, "and know the value of conscientious work. Why don't you learn some good system of dress-cutting and fitting, and supply your necessities in that way? A *good* dressmaker or milliner can always find employment."

She annihilated me with a look, and so the talk ended. I suppose real distress will bring her to some kind of labor for which there is the largest market, but she will do it in a half-hearted sort of way, feeling the while that she is injured because the world does not appreciate her, and the consequence will be, poorly paid results. Could she only take a practical view of the matter, and make up her mind that if people would not buy the wares she liked to make, she would produce others which they must have, and make them so well as to command the best prices, she would soon find herself independent and happy.

A dress was sent home to me last winter from a leading establishment. It was, to my surprise, nearly ruined. Inquiry developed the fact that at the time of its making two of the leading assistants in the work-room were ill.

"I was obliged to intrust it to other hands," said the proprietor, "in order to have it finished when it was promised, and they were careless or ignorant, perhaps both. In all this room full of girls that you see, there are but two or three who take interest enough in the work to do it well. I am greatly discouraged some times."

"Are they all new to the trade?" I asked.

"Some of them have been with me three and four years," she replied, "but they do not seem to care for anything but to do their week's work, get their money, and spend it. They might do well, if they would. I should be glad to teach them to be first-class workwomen, for it is for my benefit as well as theirs, but it is impossible to make them take interest enough in it to acquire skill. I wish you could tell me where I can find help that can be depended on. It would put money in my pocket, even if I had to pay much higher wages."

Once more my mind went back to the applicants for places who had come under my observation within a few days, and then I returned to the girls before me, "What is the matter?" I questioned mentally. "Here is the work, and the money to pay for its doing, both waiting. There are the hands and the necessity for the money, yet they do not dove tail together as they ought, and what is the reason." Common sense gave the answer in my case, as I think it will, dear reader, in yours. It was simply because the majority of workers, labor without putting heart or brains into the task.

Do not imagine that I want every woman, desiring to be independent, to learn the dressmaker's trade. I simply speak of that, because those incidents came first to my mind, and because that is one of the kinds of labor which is always in demand. Even the establishment of manufactories where dresses may be bought ready-made, seems to make no difference. The skilled workwoman is always sure of remunerative employment in this line. The same thing is true with other lines that have to do with the supplying of the actual needs of a community. The most thoroughly qualified and competent worker is the one whose labor is always sought for, and brings the best returns.

"You have said that before," some one remarks. I know it, and I presume I shall say it again and yet again, and if, by so doing, I can rouse one woman or ten, to the realization of the fact that she can always earn a living if she is able to do something that people want done, and do it well, I shall be satisfied. There is always a swarm of mediocre workers in every trade and profession, while the really efficient are comparatively few. Women are but just entering many industrial fields. They have hardly yet obtained a foothold in some of them. Where they have done so, they have demonstrated their staying powers. But it is the few and not the many who have grappled with the difficulties met, and overcome them. They have worked with a single purpose—to succeed—and they have succeeded. No matter what was undertaken, they put the best of what was in them in their efforts. It was not because their ability was so much greater, but they used all they possessed in what they were doing. They did not allow their strength to be palsied by things of no moment, nor by the idea that they were fitted to do something better and greater in the world's eye.

I believe in lofty aims, high purposes, vaulting ambitions. The only possible way to reach them is by work—hard work—continuous work. If you cannot at once enter upon the path that seems to lead directly towards what you wish, do well some lowlier thing, if it will give you independence. If you seem hampered and bound by circumstances, still keep your faith that in the mutations of things, your turn will come by and by. If you believe that you have a talent for writing or painting, and duty demands, or your daily bread depends, upon your doing cooking, put brains into the work; cook as well as you can, and then keep your eyes open for a chance to take a step in the desired direction. Never be content with anything less than your very best effort, and then, no matter whether you do the very thing you wished or not, you will have lived to some purpose, and perhaps accomplished more for yourself and others than you ever dreamed possible.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

Fancy Work and House Decoration.

Memorandum Slates.—Get a small slate, gild the frame, then on one side paint a bunch of flowers, leaving the other to write on. Nail a bright colored ribbon to the two upper corners to hang it up by. These can be fastened by fancy tacks, or a rosette of narrow ribbon can be placed over the places where it is nailed. Along the lower side place small brass hooks to hold the pencil when not in use. A motto put on in gilt letters is very pretty. These are quite convenient little articles, and make a nice present for either a gentleman or lady.

Towel Rack Cover.—This is designed to throw over a rack upon which are towels which are partly soiled. Get a square of cream-colored batiste which comes 46 inches wide. Fringe the edge six inches deep and knit it carefully. Then etch a handsome design in the center, or have a border go around the four sides, and a large initial in the center. Linen can be used for this purpose instead of batiste, or the momie cloth, which comes a yard wide.—ED.

A Tidy.—"Annie Bundy" wanted to know how to make a tidy. I will send directions as well as I can: Get a common lace tidy, 10 or 15 cents, and blue and pink saticia, ¾ yard of each. Cut it into round pieces, turn the edges in some, and gather it tight. Make 25, 13 of the blue and 12 of the pink. Have the gathered side out, sew the edges together and fasten the ends. Put them in in rows, five in every row, a blue and then a pink. It costs about 30 cents, and is very pretty.—"MATILDA."

Knitting and Crocheting.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit p, purl or seam p 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and b, slip and bind; t t o, throw thread over; b, bind; o, over; st, stip; m, make.

Crochet Abbreviations—s, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; cl ch st, close chain stitch; d c st, double chain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; e t st, exposed treble stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o s st, open shell stitch; t, treble; ch c, chain crochet.

Normandy Lace.—Very pretty.—Cast on 15 stitches. 1st row—k 8—n—o—k 2—o—k 2. 2d row—k 2—o—k 5—o—n—k 7. 3rd row—k 6—n—o—k 1—n—o—k 1—o—n—k 1—o—k 2. 4th row—k 2—o—k 1—n—o—k 3—o—n—k 1—o—n—k 5. 5th row—k 4—n—o—k 1—n—o—k 5—o—n—k 1—o—k 2. 6th row—k 2—o—k 1—n—o—k 3—o—n—k 2—o—n—k 1—o—n—k 1—n—o—k 1—n—o—k 3—n—o—k 1—n—o—k 1—n—o—k 6. 7th row—k 7—o—n—k 1—o—slip 1—n—pass slipped stitch over narrowed one—o—k 1—n—k 1—n. 10th row—k 2—o—n—k 3—n—o—k 8. 11th row—k 9—o—n—k 1—n—o—k 3. 12th row—cast off 2—k 1—o—k 3 together—o—k 10.—MRS. A. K. FREED, Russell, Kan.

Crocheted Sacque.—Cut a paper pattern, or better, rip up an old dress waist that fits nicely. Use three pieces, the two fronts and one back piece. Make a chain to reach from the neck straight across the pattern to the point of the shoulder and arm hole. Crochet down, any stitch you think pretty, widening and narrowing to fit the pattern. After the lower part of the pattern is done, commence at the neck and work up to form the shoulder. This makes the front. For the back make a chain to reach across the width in the same way. If you do not understand this, I will try again.—INCOGNITA.

Correspondence.

CALIFORNIA FERNS.—I first became interested in making a collection of California ferns while teaching in Los Angeles. On their way to school some of the children came through the Arroyo Seco—a broad watercourse whose brawling turbulent stream dwindles to a mere silvery thread in the summer time. Many varieties of ferns hide among the bowlders and rocks near the water, and the boys and girls used to bring me handfuls of the beautiful fronds. And one day as I sat alone at my desk, after school was dismissed, looking at the graceful ferns in the vase, my thoughts unconsciously began to run in jingles, thus:

The last beams of the February sun,
Fast sinking now behind the grass-grown hills,
Fall on my desk and bring out the ferns
That last of mossy banks and sparkling rills.

The bench of feathery beauties was this morn
Bestowed upon me by a little child,
Who gathered them as she walked along to school
Through the Arroyo Seco, dark and wild.

The witching tangle of the maiden-hair,
The matchless brilliance of the golden ferns,
The nodding Coffee ferns, with beauty rare,
Create a wish within my soul that burns.

To leave the busy school-room with its care,
All my perplexities aside to throw,
And rest on yonder grassy, frond-clad hill,—
While half the world is wrapped in ice and snow!

Every canyon in California has its ferns, varying in size from the brakes, which are frequently six and eight feet high, to some of the more delicate varieties that would scarcely cover a dime. A number of species are peculiar to this coast; among them is the beautiful gold fern, that is found in the canyons down by the ocean, among the hills and mountains, near the running water, or springing up along a dusty mountain trail, hundreds of feet above a stream—a happy-go-lucky sort of fern that can adapt itself to any situation. The frond is triangular in shape, and rarely grows to be more than six inches long. Its under surface is covered with a waxy powder which, when it first appears, is yellow color, that changes through the various shades of brown to nearly black as the fronds reach maturity.

The silver fern is of much shyer habit, and greatly sought after, as it does not grow in Los Angeles county. It is a cousin of the gold fern, belonging to the same genus (*Gymnogramma*), but the lower surface of the young fronds is pure white, changing to gray and light brown.

The lace fern of the Coast Range is the most delicate species we have. One who has never seen it can hardly conceive of the dazzlingly fine divisions of the pinnæ. The lace fern of the Sierras is somewhat coarser, but equally interesting.

There are three species of Adiantum or Maiden-hair found here, but to see this graceful fern in the perfection of its drooping beauty one should visit the Granite Grotto at the side of the Vernal Fall in Yosemite. Here the Merced river leaps over a precipice 400 feet high, and the cave is constantly filled with spray.

Miss. Woolson in her novel, "East Angels," gives a striking description of a "heavenly wall" formed by the luxuriant rose, the lovely wild rose of the South. But here are "heavenly walls," indeed,—reaching far above you—a continuous draping of soft graceful fronds, tremulous with every zephyr, and glistening through the spray. And as you leave the shelter of the Grotto the great cataract is thundering before you, and if the sun is shining you will see in the mist the wonderful round rainbows, the magical circles so graphically described by H. H. in her "Bits of Travel at Home." The bleached maiden-hair is frequently found at Yosemite—the palest straw-color, which is exquisite when mounted on black card board.

Another fern, commonly called the seed fern, grows in great profusion near the Vernal Fall. I always associate it with Miss Francis Willard, because I first saw it when riding along the trail in company with her and Miss Gordon. It is an attractive little fern with very conspicuous spore-cases. Specimens bleached perfectly white are often found, also many shades of buff and brown. So this species with its varied tints is especially desirable for mounting.

The rarest, though by no means the most beautiful in my collection of California ferns, is a species of Pellæa, known as the Butterfly fern. It came from Mt. Dana, whose summit is over 13,000 feet above sea level, and was given to me by one of the Yosemite guides.

Alhambra is fortunately located for one who has the "fern craze," as there are four canyons within two miles of the village, while in the Sierra Madre mountains, a few miles distant, you have a dozen canyons to choose from when you go "a-ferning." A day in the mountains at any time of year is always a red-letter day to me, but the fern parties that are so popular in winter and early spring are my especial delight.

Ferns of all varieties are largly used here for decorative purposes, and the more delicate species are employed in making ornamental letters, and for mounting, on cards and in albums. A college professor living near sent dozens of Christmas cards made of California ferns to his eastern friends. Gold and silver ferns and the bleached varieties look best mounted on black cards. The Woodsias, also—both cotton back and rusty back—show to better advantage on a dark ground. But the green specimens look prettier with a light tint.

I have just framed the gracious face of Helen Hunt Jackson—pictured in the December *Century*—in black card board, ornamented with silver ferns of purest white; and the delicate fronds that she loved so well make an exquisite setting for those starry eyes beaming with good-will to all. —ALICE P. ADAMS, Alhambra, California.

INTERESTING WORDS.—Some time ago I promised to tell the sisters about my poultry, small fruit, etc. In the first place I don't see how "Yours Truly" can dislike chickens. I love to tend to the wants of my pets, and they know and follow me about like "Mary's little lamb." I have just placed thirteen little chicks in their coop. They were such cunning little things, the brown leghorns in particular always have such pretty striped backs. The leghorns are undoubtedly the best variety for those who only intend to make profits on eggs. For raising chicks for early market I am convinced from experience that Plymouth rocks are best. I am told that fertile eggs will be more apt to hatch successfully if immersed in luke-warm water just before hatching, and duck in particular, as the shell is so tough that hatching is next to an impossibility without outside help.

I think the article written by "Skipper," a few weeks ago, contained more truth than poetry, with regard to money making by woman; but as the same time I recognize fully that there are exceptions to all rules, and admit that there are many husbands that are quite willing to allow the wife the right to use her own earnings, so dearly purchased, if the absolute needs of the family didn't require the surrender of egg money. I, for one, would much rather see every penny go, if by so doing my little ones are well clothed, and looking as nice in church or school, as the others, though by so doing, I do sacrifice the individuality she spoke of. I also admit that raising poultry or small fruit is hard work, and in some instances small returns, but "the sum of life is made up of little things, and many littles put together in time make one grand whole."

A few years ago I thought chickens were a pest, but have since learned how to manage them, so they will not bother the house. I had constructed a long coop, with slats for side and ends; the top is covered with rough boards. I always feed them there and nowhere else, as soon as they begin to run about. The feeder, as I call it, serves two excellent purposes. The slats are placed so close that no large fowls can enter, and eat up the meal from the smaller chicks, and also keeps them from being trampled under by the greedy host. Then, when I wish to catch one to roast, I place a quantity of meal inside, and withdraw a small board from the top and take my pick.

Last year I sold $47 worth of eggs and poultry, from 39 hens, not counting the large amount of eggs and fowls used as anything. I expect to do even better this season.

I would like to make some good suggestions about gardening, but I find already that this is a long letter, and will close after I tell the sisters how to make transfer paper. Take thin white paper and cover with lard oil, in which you have worked a quantity of blueing from your blueing box; place between some old newspapers a short time, and it is ready for use. You can draw beautiful designs from table linen, wall paper, or in short, anything that has a design, by placing down your clean white paper or suitable linen and then your oiled paper and lastly the picture you wish to copy; pin all together to prevent from slipping; then with some pointed instrument proceed to outline the design. If well done you will be pleased with result. Another way to draw from braided pattern or embroidery, is to place clean paper over your design, and fasten down with flatirons or heavy waits, and take a flat piece of lead pipe and rub carefully over all.—MRS. M. S. VAW.

A GENTLE REMINDER.—Girls, I want to speak to you of our mother. It may be that you have noticed a careworn look upon her face lately. Of course it has not been brought there by any act of yours, still it is your duty to chase it away. I want you to get up to-morrow morning and get breakfast, and when your mother begins to express her surprise, just run up to her and kiss her on the mouth. You can't imagine how it will brighten her dear face. Besides, you owe her a kiss or two. Away back, when you were a little girl, she kissed you when no one else was tempted by your fever-tainted breath and swollen face. You were not so attractive then as now. And through those years of childish sunshine and shadows she was always ready to cure by the magic of a mother's kiss, the little dirty, chubby hands whenever they were injured in their first skirmishes with this rough, cold world. And then the midnight kisses with which she routed so many bad dreams as she leaned over your restless pillow, have all been on interest these long years, of course she is not pretty and kissable as you are, but if you had done your share of the work during the last ten years the contrast would not be so marked. Her face has more wrinkles than yours, far more, and yet if you were sick that face would appear more beautiful than an angel's, as it hovered over you, watching every opportunity to minister to your comfort, and every one of those wrinkles would seem to be bright wavelets of sunshine chasing each other over the dear face. She will leave you one of these days. These burdens, if not lifted from her shoulders, will break her down. Those rough, hard hands that have done so many unnecessary things for you will be crossed upon her lifeless breast. Those neglected lips that gave you your first baby kiss will be closed forever, and those sad, tired eyes will have opened in eternity, and then you will appreciate your mother, but it will be too late.—J. D. LEISURE.

A PROTEST AGAINST SILK CULTURE.—I have read in the BLADE several letters on silk culture, setting forth the business as an easy and profitable work for ladies and children. For instance, a woman in Ohio raised a crop which she estimated at $100 from 10,000 eggs. This shows that she must be ignorant of the value of cocoons and eggs, or perhaps she is trying to deceive inexperienced persons into buying eggs of her, as I notice that she, as well as nearly every other correspondent, writing on the subject has eggs for sale, and no doubt this is their only reason for speaking in favor of the business.

My experience has taught me that 10,000 eggs cannot produce $100 or even one tenth that amount, and let no one suppose that two adults can raise an ounce of eggs (or 1,000 worms), as in my experience last summer it required three adults to raise that amount, and this, too, when feed was close at hand. It required over 100 large trays to hold the worms, which occupied two large rooms. It took all our time to manage them from early morn until 11 o'clock at night, including Sundays and stormy days.

During the last two weeks the worms consumed over 100 bushels of leaves. Any one can see from these statements that the work is anything but light and pleasant, as some persons would have you believe. After my cocoons were stifled, dried, etc., they were shipped to a silk firm in North Carolina, and although he acknowledged them to be of the finest quality and color, and 75 per pound, I have not received the returns, although the cocoons were shipped six months ago.

Let no one suppose that by using a few chairs and tables in the parlor that a large amount of worms can be raised, with little or no expense. My expenses were about $10, and I estimated my cocoons to be worth but little more than to cover expenses.—J. D.

THE SERVANT GIRL QUESTION.—There has been a great deal said about servant girls, and a great deal yet unsaid, and for all that has been said, I fear the poor girls will never get their just dues. Their work as a general thing is not much harder than we teachers have, and many have a much easier time. "Then why do they complain?" Many have asked the question, and it is always by some weak-minded, haughty person who could not earn their salt if thrown upon their own resources. It is not the work of which they complain, but it is the due respect which they never receive.

A girl that is worthy to do your work is worthy of your respect. One that is good enough to sew or cook for me is good enough to go down street with me or sit in the same pew at church.

We seldom see a servant girl that is not a Christian girl, and a Christian is just as good in a calico dress in the kitchen, as in a silk in the parlor.

Then if we can do no more, we can speak a kind word to them and not hold back our skirts as if we were afraid of touching them.—PATIENCE.

"BY MOONLIGHT."—Two seas are before us On the one farthest away, the moon sails majestically, attended by cohorts of stars. Below no ship is sailing, but seems a rolling mass of silver clouds. In the distance the two blend in fleecy twilight.

So near Heaven; so close to earth. Our feet rest, below and our soul catches a gleam of paradise. Fancies of the hereafter come and go. A faith in the untried reality to come bring thoughts of the shining host above, who must dwell in an atmosphere akin to this. The stormy current of life is unfelt, and the glitter of the world forgotten as one views this picture divine, God in nature; and a peaceful joy abides with us, for we, too, are the work of this architect and a part of his love and care. We cannot see the other shore, neither can we drift beyond the Fathers protection.

A lone seabird's call is borne over the silvered water. The lapping tide is slowly coming in and the sea's mournful cry is ringing up from the caverns of the great deep and brings this world of vision and reality together. But the waves roll higher and gleam brighter, the moon sails on, the stars shed a blessing and tell us of that fairer world beyond.—BARBARA ALLEN, Point Arena, Cal.

Inquiries.

Will some one tell me something to take away freckles? My little girl's face is just covered with them, and they are so large and dark. I have tried several things, but to no purpose.—S. M.

Will some kind sister, some one with experience, tell through the HOUSEHOLD what is the remedy for trichiasis, or irritative soreness of the eye, from the eyelashes growing in toward the ball, commonly called wild hairs?—JULIA.

Please tell me through the HOUSEHOLD how to can peas and beans. I have been a reader of the BLADE for four years and havn't noticed any recipes for them yet.—ANNIE BRUCE.

Will some kind reader please tell how to prepare and use red clover blossoms for purifying the blood?—SUNFLOWER.

Will some reader of the BLADE please tell how to make molasses candy; also how to make a nice chair cushion?—MRS. L. A.

Can you tell me how to get a sprout from a snow-ball shrub? How to parch peanuts? —A. C. AYERS.

Will you or some one tell through the columns of your valuable paper what is good for lice on house-plants?—A. MCD.

Will some reader of the BLADE please give a remedy for hang-nails on the fingers? I am troubled very much with them.—NETTIE OF MICHIGAN.

Will some one give recipe immediately that will remove paint from woolen goods? Also, what will remove grease spots from pine floors?—MRS. DORA DRESSER.

I am troubled with black ants. Will some of the readers of the BLADE kindly inform me and others how to get rid of the little pests? ADA M. JEFFERSON.

Will some kind reader please give through the HOUSEHOLD a recipe for dying my large ostrich plume a rich cream? A CONSTANT READER.

I have seen people in the east cut off rock maple saplings standing near the roots, setting the part cut off in the ground and have them live. Can any one give me full instructions? ST. CLOUD, MINNESOTA.

Can any one send me a cure that will restore the sense of smell? I have been thus afflicted for several years; I have not got the catarrh. Any one sending me a cure and it proves a success, I will reward them handsomely. Please mention in what number the editor spoke of the warm milk and water used in bathing the face. LADIE.

Will some one tell me through the BLADE how to bleach and clean old Leghorn hats? LULU MABEL.

Answers to Inquiries.

Some one wants to know if there is any paper devoted especially to the employments of women. There is one called *Woman's Work*, published monthly at 354 Gates avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y., for 60 cents a year. It contains many interesting things in regard to the different avenues of labor which are opening for women.—ED.

A correspondent asks how to find out about a course of Chautauqua readings. Write to the secretary of the Chautauqua society, Miss E. E. Kimball, Plainfield, N. J., and you will obtain the desired information.—ED.

Please tell me what kind of stuff to buy to make cheap window curtains? Will cheese cloth do; and how to make them for a country sitting room?—EDNA.

Cheese cloth trimmed with some stripes of bright color, outlined with figures, or trimmed wholly with lace, makes a cheap and pretty curtain. Madras cloth is not expensive and quite stylish at present. Back numbers of the BLADE have contained several descriptions of such articles.—ED.

"F. A. Dean, Corry, Pa." Take equal parts of coal oil and lard with a sprinkling of sulphur and rub on your hen's legs.

"Toots." To stop nose bleed, take a silver dime or any piece of silver, and hold it between the teeth.

"W.," Dallas, Texas. If I were in your place, I would not use the eggs, as it would be a great risk to run.

"J. W. Kimball" will find in BLADE of February 11, page 7, how to pickle eggs. The oil of the kernel of a hickory nut will restore hair to bald heads.—J. D. LEISURE.

To "Rose Geranium": Mix gold paint with varnish. For plain parchment paper to make stamping patterns with, 10c per sheet; 12 for $1, size 22x28 inches; or have your bookseller send to New York for linen paper for patterns, size 17x22 inches, 40c per quire; bound paper, 14x17 inches, 60c per quire.

Several weeks ago some one inquired in the HOUSEHOLD about the pillow inhaler for catarrh. I have been using one for my daughter for nearly a year, and she is much better, and believe it will eventually cure her. She had it very bad. You will never know how much good the HOUSEHOLD has done me. May it live long and prosper, is the sincere wish of MRS. L. BANDEY.

If "R. E. B." in the BLADE of April 15 will send her address to me, I can send her some pieces for remembrance album. —H. M. ERSKINE, Piper City, Ill.

If Della Roller, Missouri, will put her straw hats in a barrel and burn sulphur under them, keeping them closely covered they will bleach nicely. If "M. A. M." will write to my address she can get some seeds of the ground cherry. If "R. E. B." will send her address to me I will gladly send her a specimen for her memorial album.—MISS EDITH STRAWN, Box 268, Salem, Columbiana county, Ohio.

I write in answer to a request made by "Minnie Goodyear" in last week's paper, as to what would cure a polypus in the nostril. I had an aunt that had one in the nostril, and she went to a physician and had it taken out. Has never had any trouble about it since. It is perfectly safe if you employ a good physician.—L. E. C.

Recipes.

For Driving Away Flies.—Keep geraniums and caiceolarias plants in the house.—COLORADO.

A Hint for the Nursery.—In rearing an infant, much labor may be saved by a little management. As soon as it can sit alone provide it with a suitable chair, and put it at the head of your bed. As quick as the baby awakes in the morning, seat it in its little chair. A woman that had raised a large family told me this was her plan. She said she had never washed for any of her children after they were six months old, unless they were sick.

To Purify the Outhouse.—Gather five or six pails of road dust and throw down. Leave a pailful standing in one corner, with a little shovel in it. After that, throw down a little every day. If the vault is very old, better make a new one, and then take care of it in the above mentioned way. This plan, if carefully carried out, makes a compost that is a very valuable fertilizer. If not needed for home use, it can be sold or carted away free of expense.

To Cure Asthma.—Some friend said some time ago that mullen was good for asthma. Well, I have tried it, and it has helped me. Take a handful, put in a tin dish big enough to hold it, put on water enough to cover; let boil one hour or more, then squeeze out and boil down strong. Drink one teacupful, or as much as your stomach will bear, three times a day for three days, then wait till you feel the attack coming on. That was the way I did. I first tried it in small doses, but it did no good. In writing remedies, please give the quantities and dose. If any one wish to know anything about this one, I will be glad to answer, as in that way we can help each other.—ELLA BECKWITH, Double Springs, Tarrent Co. Tex.

Starching and Ironing.—Buy as much white wax as you wish and one-third as much spermaceti; melt together over steam and cool in a mould. Take more than half-pint of boiling water for 1 pint of starch, and 1 heaping teaspoonful of starch dissolved in a little water, a piece of the moulded wax as large as a hazelnut. Boil slowly 30 minutes and skim well, and use hot on either wet or dry cloth. For a polish, take a piece of gum Arabic as large as a hazelnut, dissolve in a very little water over steam. It will dampen six shirts. Wet a small cloth in this water, wring most dry and rub over the ironed surface after it is perfectly dry, then polish with the heel of the iron crosswise of the linen. If too damp the linen will blister, and if not stiff enough, use a little more starch and wax. You will be surprised how easily they iron, and the starch don't stick unless too stiff, and then it won't look well. Ten cents' worth of wax, if cood, will last a long time.—SARAH J. WRIGHT, Rural, Ill.

Our Young Folks.

BLADE TEMPERANCE LEGION.

MOTTO: "Ourselves We Will be Masters."

Pledge:

We do hereby promise ourselves that, from this time until we are 21 years old, we will not taste intoxicating liquors of any kind, and that we will exert all our influence to prevent their use by others. Witness our names:

LOGAN, IA.
Ada Copeland,
Jennie Copeland,
Lianie Copeland,
Nellie Copeland,
May Copeland,
Ruth Cadwell,
Phineas Cadwell,
Frank Cutler,
Mabel Comfort,
Pearl Campbell,
Maggie Crombie,
Grace Cadwell,
Willie Cadwell,
Anna Carson,
Cora Brown,
Minnie Bolton,
Maude Bolton,
Harry Brown,
Rosa Lamb,
Ernest Lamb,
Emma Kinney,
Ida Kellogg,
Nordia Knolton,
Lottie Knolton,
Laura Topping,
Geo Thompson,
Dannie Jewell,
Robbie Harvey,
Mattie Reed,
Harry Pittsford,
Albert Tischer,
Andrew Tischer,
Sister Kezer,
Edna Redman,
Anna Redman,
Katie Redman,
Mary Redman,
David Redman,
Lulu Boner,
Nora Boner,
John Howery,
Louisa Howery,
Roby Boone,
Bertie Boone,
Edward Boone,
Ada Carpenter,
Chas Flinlean,
Laura Flinean,
Maggie Easterly,
PRINCETOWN, O.
Phebe L Lafferty,
Geo H Lafferty,
Chas Lafferty,
Harvey Lafferty,
WARSAW, WIS.
Norman Emory,
Geo Emory,
Fred Emory,
Olive Emory,
Herbert Whiting,
Howard Whiting,
Adolph Emory,
Sophia Cramer,
Ernie E Fair,
Mattie Fair,
Adam J Cramer,
Geo Hammond,
Proper Albee,
Fred Maynard,
Robt McKonky,
Willie Albee,
Addie A Allen,
Lara Albee,
Pearl Albee,
John Hanes,
Coral Dickerson,
Roy Howland,
Clarence Hanes,
A M Baldwin,
Alex H Sippel,
May Patterson,
Lilah Patterson,
ELYDE, KAN.
Elva French,
Bertha French,
Etta French,
Allie Sisson,
Carrie Webb,
Ira Webb,
Frankie Watson,
Ellis Watson,
Ernest Benson,
RIVERTON, ILL.
Anna D Heyland,
Mary E Leddy,
Rose Leddy,
Nettie Safford,
Lettie Safford,
Helen Yocom,
Edgar Yocom,
SUNSET, ILL.
Willis Bamber,
Edwin S Eaton,
Jas McCrarkar,
Jane Murray.
FO PLACE GIVEN.
Bertha L Cohagan,
Irene Cohagan,
Ellet Cohagan,
Belle Kalb,
Carrie Williams,
Roy Williamson,
Eva Starch,
Maudie Staten,
Pearl Williamson,
Willis Craven,
Eva Craven,
Charlie Craven,
Jesse O Craven,
Cora Craven,
Ernest Edwards,
Elmer CElwards,
FRIESY VALLEY, CAL.
Chas N Palmer,
Martin L Griffin,
Jos Griffin,
Frank Griffin,
Geo W Gruver,
Jas Gruver,
Jas H Myers,
Lydia Root,
Emma Rogers,
Vesta Neblock,
Maude Neblock,
Anna Rogers,
Vincent Imlay,
Willie Thompson,
Cora Mod,
John Keene,
Chris Nopper,
John Nopper,
Watson Halstead,
Wallace Tranfler,
Harmon Ryan,
Frank Carnahen,
Eddie Firman,
Romie Morse,
Martin Rhann,
Chas Nopper,
Bert Denman,
Frank Burd,
Sandy Patterson,
Robbie Clark,
Benny Bruner,
Willie Shavalla,
Leonard Shavalla,
Jos Taylor.
Lulu Feist,
Cora Inman,
Anna Fox,
Maggie Mitchell,
Nellie Scanlon,
Amelia Blum,
Tillie Blum,
Mary Traufler,
Lucy Feit,
Minnie Hartead,
Annie Burzl,
Bertha Blum,
Sarah Hall,
Fred Sinclair,
James Wooley,
Bud Thompson,
Otis Thompson,
Bert Sutton,
Harry Sutton,
Dickie Ferris,
Chas Stutsman,
Carrie Tannaskle,
Annie Baker,
Grace Layman,
Amy Church,
Lily Rayner,
Bertha Drum,
Jack Christopher,
Jessie Carpenter,
May Woolley,
Clara Scott,
Dollie Hurt,
Lizzie Carter,
Lydia Nevens,
Dale Woolley,
Belle Traufler,
Lily Davis,
Annie Fit,
Ada Trudeau,
Josie Gray,
Belle Patterson,
Nora Dear,
Mary Gray,
Agnes McCulloch,
Katie Davis,
Norma Wynn,
Mina Stock
J R Ulam,
W W Ulam,
D P Ulam,
A A Ulam.
Names this week, 291. Total, 8,002.
Lewis Housley,
Virgil Housley,
Mary Housley,
Nannie Housley,
Lida Housley,
Jay Housley,
Joy Sadler,
Henry Frick,
Ford Cochran,
NO PLACE GIVEN.
Lucy Starr.
LUCY A Hanks,
Edith F Hanks,
Mary E Lepley,
Melissa J Brink,
Settie M Freeman
Maudie Freeman
Lizzie McClelland
Minie McClelland
Linnie T Smith,
Wm C Smith,
Jno McClelland,
Jimmie Freeman
Frank C Collins,
Wade Collins.
Lavina B Brink,
Andrew J Banks
Belle Hanks,
Grace Hanks,
NO PLACE GIVEN.
F E Bentley,
Nellie Austin,
B B Langworthy,
F C Langworthy,
Lizzie Schoenherr
Bessie Rundle,
Jessie Rundle,
Lily Rundle,
Lily Cassady,
Will Dennis,
Chas Mack,
Minnie Starks,
Lavina Mod,
Nellie Fuller,
Mamie Gardner,
Julia Gardner,
Maggie Young,
Zepha Rodman,
Nellie Garrison,
Addie Cutler.
Maud Garrison,
Geo Pierce,
Mate Clark,
Olive Strong,
Lona Kimble,
Mattie Hickock,
Jas Van Wee,
Clifford Graves,
SULLIVAN, ILL.
F A Reese.
BARNESVILLE, KAN.
Della Bishop.
WISNER, NEB.
James Broadard,
ELYSON, MICH.
R N Holsaple,
Blanche Holsaple
Frank Ort,
Ira Ort,
Quinby Pindell,
Fanny Pindell,
Leroy Galor,
Bertie Dokey,
Willie Beaver,
Willis Urich,
Walter Urich,
ROCK SPRINGS, KAN.
Willis Gray.
NEWVILLE, IND.
Chas Felampel,
GRANT, KAN.
Nellie Kennedy.
BYRON, ILL.
Mabel Rood,
Florence Gibson,
May Woodburn,
Annie Anderson,
J Lundgren,
Sarah A Kurtz.
EAST GROVELAND, N. Y.
Eddie Holbrook,
Fred Booker,
Fred Holk,
Fred Barber,
G Lewis Kelly,
Fred Colman,
Charley Magee.
SNAKERIVER, ON.
Elmer Lockhart,
John Lockhart.
CUYAHOGA FALLS, OHIO.
Lewis Housley,
Virgil Housley,
Mary Housley,
Lida Housley,
Jay Housley,

DISASTER.

A hole in the pocket's a very bad thing,
And brings a boy trouble faster
Than anything under the sun, I think,
My mother, she calls it disaster.
For all in one day,
I lost, I may say,
Through a hole not as big as a dollar,
A number of things,
Including some rings
From a chain Fido wore as a collar.

My knife, a steel pen, a nice little note
That my dear cousin Annie had sent me.
The boy who found that pinned it on to his hat,
And tries all the time to torment me.
I'd lost a new dime
That very same time,
But it lodged in the heel of my stocking;
And one thing beside,
Which troubled me, I'm sure,
Though I fear you may think it quite shocking:

The doctor had made some nice little pills
For me to take home to the baby;
But, when I reached there, I was quite in despair,
They had slipped through my pocket, it may be.
Aunt Sallie, she,
As cool as can be,
Said, a hole in a boy's reputation
Is harder to cure
And worse to endure,
Than all pockets unsound in the nation.

Still a hole in the pocket's a very bad thing,
And I am sure a real cause of disaster.
But baby is well; so you must never tell;
Perhaps he got well all the faster.
—*Independent.*

BEN'S SISTER.

BY MARIA L. POOL.

(Continued from Last Week.)

The dog galloped away from her as she gave the command. When he had gone, she felt an unreasoning and almost helpless terrror.

She stood still, for she knew now that she had not the least idea which way to turn. She was like one in a dream, and still she must not dare to remain quiet. There was that demon of the cold waiting for her if she were to cease moving.

Her feet and hands ached so that from sheer pain she could hardly keep the tears back.

She went on, only trying to keep the wind behind her, for that was all she had to guide her in the right direction, and she was fully aware how poor a guide that was.

Where was the courage with which she started! She felt utterly subdued now, and her only thought was the thought of her brother.

She stamped her feet and swung her arms; then, as well as she could with her stiff lips, she whistled to the dog, but he did not answer.

She went staggering on, whither she knew not.

As often as she could spare her breath, she shouted "Ben!" and when no answer came, she felt as if she were calling that name in a great, cruel world that had nothing in but storm.

When the dog had left her. He had never been carefully trained. Perhaps he had gone home.

Mechanically she kept jumping about in the snow; for she dared not go far in any direction.

All at once, above the roar about her, she heard Roy's bark short and quick. The sound was like an elixir of life in her veins. She sprang forward. The dog, she found, was but a few yards away. Naomi soon discovered him pulling at something in the snow. She dashed down beside that something, and began furiously to brush the snow from it.

"Ith 't you, 'Omi?" asked a sleepy voice.

The girl began to cry, but she did not stop working.

"Don't bother a fellow!" said Ben, drowsily. "I'm all right. I'm only rethting."

"Resting!" repeated Naomi shrilly. "You are freezing! Get up! You *shall* get up!"

She took hold of his collar and jerked him to his feet, the exertion sending a glow through her frame.

"Now, thop that! I tell you I'm all right. I wath cold, but I got warm."

His voice sank as he tried to loose her hold and fell back.

The Farm.

Information Wanted.

RING-BONE—I have a good business horse with a ring-bone on each forward foot, of long standing. There are parties in this neighborhood who claim to cure the lameness by cutting. I do not understand the anatomy of a horse's foot, but I suppose they cut a ligament or a muscle. Please tell what is best to do.—A. M. PARMELY, Elyria. [Ring-bone is an exostosis chiefly, or rather most often, affecting the bone next above the bone of the foot, called the os corona. Symptoms—A prominent round hardness appears immediately above the top of the hoof, extending quite around the front half of the pastern, is so-called "low" ring-bone; but the ring is more in the middle of the pastern—but of exactly like nature in every other respect—in the case of what is called "high" ring-bone. It is of the same nature as spavin. Contraction of the coronary ligaments is sometimes mistaken for ring-bone, and the poor beast is tortured in consequence. Cutting is unnecessary cruelty. If there is fever, it must be reduced, first by wrapping the feet with woolen clothes, keeping them wet with hot water. Afterward use cold instead of hot water. The following ointment may then be used with advantage: Bin-iodide of mercury, one dram; lard two ounces. Mix well together and apply. A lecturer on veterinary surgery in the Edinburg (Scotland) college says: "Deep firing or one or two blisterings is both efficent and the only treatment to be thought of in the early stage of the affection. * * Early firing stops the growth, but after the first three months the growth is complete and irremediable."—ED.]

GRAPE PRUNING—PEAR BLIGHT—Will you or some kind reader of the BLADE tell me how and when to prune grape vines? Also how to treat pear trees to prevent them blighting, and oblige a subscriber.—O. M. WEBB, Grafton, Neb. [Maynard says: All the various systems by which the vine is trained may be brought down to two—the spur system and the renewal system. By the spur system, all the canes at the end of the season must be cut back to three buds. By the renewal system, the canes are grown this season for fruiting the next, while the cane that has born fruit is cut back to a spur, from which is grown the cane to produce the fruit the next season. * * * The thinning of the fruit should be done as soon as the grapes are the size of peas. All the small bunches should be removed, and only one or two be left on each spur, according to the natural strength of the vine." To prune vines that are well established, the work is very simple, and consists in the spur system, in cutting back all the strong shoots to three buds and removing entirely all weak canes not needed to carry out the system. In the renewal system, those shoots that are to remain for fruiting next season are shortened to a proper length, and the shoots from which the new canes are to be grown are cut back to spurs. All wood not needed to carry out the system is cut away. The best time for pruning is in the fall or winter. The best instrument for pruning is the common hand-pruning shears. The only remedy for pear blight according to the author given, is first to cut away the diseased parts as soon as the disease appears, and the proper kind of treatment, food and cultivation obtain a healthy growth. If the soil is rich, do no cultivate, and apply potash; if poor, use potash, fine ground bone and some nitrogenous material in the fall or spring.—ED.]

THREE QUESTIONS.—Will the editor or some reader of the BLADE give a cure for chronic founder, foot rot in horses and for black bone.—I. Osborne, Oberlin, O. [A horse with chronic founder will never be main unsound. In early stages it may be cured entirely. First give a gentle laxative as powdered aloes, two to four drachms, bicorbonate of soda one ounce. Give as a drench in a pint of hot water. Take off the shoes all around, and poultice feet with soft soap and linseed meal. Cover the entire with it, if possible, or if this is not to be had, bran or linseed meal mixed with water will answer. Put on fresh poultices five or six times a day, and for some time. Feed green food, and no grain whatever. Feed carrots and hay, all he needs. When he is able to care for himself he should be turned out in a soft meadow for a few months. Some veterinarians recommend bleeding from the coronary arteries, just above the hoof. For what you call foot rot, place the animal in a clean stable, with a dry floor, well littered. The seat of the disease should be cleaned, the excessive growth removed and powdered copperas—colcond, half an ounce; sweet oil, two ounces. Mix, spread on a piece of lint, or oakum, and insert in the cleft of the frog, and over any other diseased parts. The whole should be covered with a layer of wood tar. A leather shoe may be used with advantage. For black bone, a hide-bound horse, curry him well and treat him well. Feed chop feed every night for a while (corn meal and shorts), water regularly, and give him to amuse himself plenty of good, pure clay and salt. In a short time his hide will be healthfully loose.—ED.]

COAL ASHES—CURCULIO—Will the editor or some reader of the BLADE answer the following: Are coal ashes good to put around fruit trees? If not, what other purpose can they be used for? What will destroy the insects that work on the plum? Please oblige.—J. H. [Coal ashes have no manurial value. The only way they are fit for anything is as a mulch. The plans adopted to destroy the curculio, are: Keep a flock of poultry. They will destroy many of the insects. Hang wide-mouthed bottles in the limbs of the trees, two-thirds full of sweetened water, in which there is a teaspoonful of vinegar. Hold a sheet under the tree early in the morning, and have someone strike the tree with a padded mallet. The curculio are stiff in the morning and can be jarred from the tree. Take them from the sheet and burn them.—ED.]

HOLLOW HORN.—The editor has now on hand articles in number from subscribers of the BLADE to fill a full page of the weekly. As we have endeavored to give all sides a fair hearing on the subject, and as it will be impossible to give the numerous communications space in the Weekly, we think it advisable to let the question drop, for the present at least. The communications on hand are well written, but there are so many that to give them would crowd out out all other matter in the Farm department.

GAPES.—I wish to know if there is any sure cure for the gapes in chickens. I have a friend who has tried every thing she ever heard of, yet her chickens die every year. Also what will prevent turkeys from having the cholera, for you know "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure." [It is claimed that to mix asafœtida and powdered yellow gentian in equal parts, and given to the extent of say eight grains a day in the food, will kill the worms. To assist in treatment with the object of killing any embryos in the drinking water, fifteen grains of salleylate of soda may be mixed with a pint and three-quarters of water. A fowl that is affected may have the worms removed by doubling a horsehair, twisting it, and after inserting it in the wind pipe turning it around and pull out gently. Nine times out of ten you will get a worm. Fowls should be kept on a heated ground, and when one gets sick, should be removed from the others. Fowls running in damp places are more liable to gapes than others. —ED.]

JERKS HIS HEAD.—If the BLADE horse doctor is at home, would like to consult him about my horse. He keeps jerking his head up, with a quick jerk, (as a person's nerves twitch the face) and he does not seem to have any control over it, as when eating or drinking his head will fly up all of a sudden, and while standing in the barn it seems to take his whole attention. After driving him he seems worse, and keeps his head going all the time, while his eyes have a dreamy expression. Can you tell me what is the trouble and what will cure him? He has been so for over a year. I think it is his nerves. Sometimes when driving he will lay his right ear back on his neck and catch the bit between his teeth abd go.—SUBSCRIBER, Narragansett Pier, R. I. [From what you say the indications are that your horse has a mal-formed tooth that bothers him; or he may have toothache, the latter being a fruitful source of such vagaries. If his feet are sound, carefully examine his mouth. Some horses contract a habit of jerking their heads, while a very few have nervousness that causes them to act unmasterly. It would seem that in the case of your horse the source of annoyance may be found in the teeth. In such cases, a personal examination is necessary.—ED.]

GLANDERS.—Will you please tell me in the BLADE what the glanders are and give as full a description of the disease as you can, how it is conveyed from one horse to another, and if there is any cure for it? Please answer in your next issue if possible, as it is said some horses have the disease in this neighborhood, and I would like to have a description of it.—E. K. BROSIUS, Welgand, Neb. [There are two forms of the disease called glanders—acute and chronic. Acute glanders is noted first by chills and shiverings, after which there is high fever. Breathing quick, pulse feeble and poor appetite, glands under jaw swollen and eyes weak and watery. The lining membrane of the nostrils is swollen and is of a dark red color, with blotches of ragged ulcerations upon it, from which flows a watery and bloody matter. Eruptions from the glands of the face and neck occur from which pus is discharged. The lungs inflame and the horse dies. In chronic glandus, the same things are noticeable as in acute glandus, but the process is not so rapid. The health seems but little affected. The disease is frequently from one nostril, usually the near one, fluid thin with scarcely any odor. Under the jaw the glands are hard. The nostril will show a dull red, copper or leaden hue. At most times the symptoms are more marked than we have named. There is a slight cough, horse eats but little and his coat is staring. He sweats easily. There is a gluey discharge of matter from one or both nostrils, mostly tinged with blood. The nose inside is seen to have small, deep ulcers, between which are pimples. The eye of the side affected is weak and watery. The tumor below the jaw becomes an abscess from which unhealthy pus is discharged. In the acute form from three to six days elapse from the time the contagion enters the system before it appears. In the chronic form, it may be two months. Nasal gleet is sometimes mistaken for glanders. You will see by this that the services of a veterinary are necessary to decide whether a horse has glanders. The smallest quantity of the pus discharged from a glandered horse getting into the human system is almost certain death. The affected animal should be shot at once to prevent the spread of the disease. It is claimed by some that sulphate of copper one drachm, arsenic eight grains, mixed with linseed meal and syrup to a ball and given to the horse will have a good effect, but we do not believe in medicine of any kind. Kill the animal when there is a certainty that he has glanders. The disease may be communicated from one horse to another in various ways, especially by another horse touching any of the pus with his nose.—ED.]

WHAT AILS THEM?—Will some one, through the columns of the BLADE, please tell me what ails my hens? Have had three to die this spring. They are white Leghorns, and are taken about an hour before they die. One I opened, and found her liver enlarged. One half measured 5¾ inches in length, 4 inches in width and 1¾ inches in thickness. It was very hard. The hen appeared to die of suffocation. Would like to know the cause and name of the disease; also cure or preventative, if any.—E. C. CHURCHILL, Conewango Valley, N. Y. [In the absence of what you feed your hens, how they are kept in house, etc., the editor can give no definite information. Can any of the readers of the BLADE Farm do so? There seems to be no doubt that the disease is caused by a poisonous fungous growth in the blood.—ED.]

PLEASE TELL.—Please tell me the disease and cure of my chicken. When attacked with disease they get very poor. Their combs look blue. Some have a diarrhea. They are mopy, and finally die. Upon examination I find their liver all covered with whitish spots from the size of a point of a pin to the size of a grain of corn.—J. S. S. [If you will give your poultry Douglas's mixture in drinking water, their combs will soon get red. Give plenty of wholesome food and let them run to grass when it is not damp. Look out for the red spider louse, as they suck the life out of poultry. To kill them, whitewash the inside of the poultry house with white-wash and carbolic acid water, one ounce of the acid to a gallon of white-wash. Rub sweet oil on the perches, and mix about a pound of sulphur with the dust in which the poultry dust themselves. Lice cause half the diseases of fowls. When the blood of the poultry is all right the liver will be healthy. Find prescription for Douglas's mixture in back numbers.—ED.]

EGGS IN INCUBATOR.—Please inform me through the columns of the BLADE what temperature eggs have to be kept at in an incubator, and also how often they ought to be sprinkled with water and turned?—ISAAC M. MCJUNKIN, Pike Post-office, O. [Keep temperature at 99 to 103. Sprinkle twice a day. Turn once.—ED.]

LUMP ON ROOSTER.—Can you or any of the readers or the BLADE tell me what is the matter with my rooster? I have a fine Houdan rooster about a year old that has a soft lump, about the size of a hen's egg, on the wing-bar, which is hard, and the size of a large walnut. Would like to know what it is, and a cure for it.—M. G. MARSH, Effingham, Kansas. [Rub with a mixture of sulphur and lard. If this will not answer, the lump should be lanced and washed out with a solution of carbolic acid, a teaspoonful of the latter to ten tablepoonfuls of the former.—ED.]

CARP.—Kind sir, will you please tell me to whom I must apply for a few carp, and directions for raising?—A READER, Oswego, Kan.—[Address W. S. Gile, Venango.—ED.]

GLANDERS.—Can any of the readers of the BLADE tell whether or not glanders can be cured? Please describe the disease and oblige.—MRS. W. DOWSETT, Chehalis, Wash. Ter.—[See answer to E. K. Brosius, in this issue.—ED.]

Answers to Inquiries.

I see some one in the BLADE wishes to know how to raise strawberries from seed. I will tell you my plan. Make some boxes of convenient size to be moved about, fill them with dirt from round old stumps. Any new soil that is free from grass or weed seed will do. Set these boxes near the wash-stand, so that all the water from the wash-pan may be thrown on them. Take such strawberries as you wish to grow from, mash them and mix with top of soil in your boxes, and water often, and you will have as nice plants as you could wish.—W. T. ROWLAND, Tiplersville, Miss.

HOW TO DOCTOR HORSES AND CATTLE.—For lice on cattle give one teaspoonful of copperas for three or four days; then lay off two or three days, if not gone, repeat two or three times. This will clean them off. If G. Wetterin will examine his cow's ears I think he will find they are stiff and sore to the touch. Turn the ear inside out and take a piece out of the back and middle cords half way down the ear. I think this will cure the trouble.

For colic in horses, take red precipitate, as much as will lay on a dime, and give it by drench or in ball, or any way you can give it to the horse. It will relieve the horse in ten minutes. I have never found anything quicker in action.

For swiveney in horses, I raise the skin where it is the most sunk and make a small incision in the skin and insert a small quill, a hen feather will do, and blow the shoulder full of wind; then grease with fresh butter is all that is needed. The swiveney is not a disease. It is only the effect of some other cause, and most frequently below the knee.

A good liniment for sprains, bruises, or fresh cuts, especially from barbed wire, is fish oil and turpentine in equal parts.

For sprains or bruises, apply and rub in well with the hand. Every farmer should have a bottle of this liniment on hand.—RILEY BRATTAN, Rutledge, Ore.

Seasonable Items.

EDITOR FARM.—As spring has come now, I don't believe a few spring items will be out of order:

A GOOD WHITEWASH.—Whiting, 4 lbs.; common glue, 2 ozs.; stand glue in cold water over night; mix whiting with cold water; heat glue till dissolved and pour it into the former. Make of consistency to apply with a common whitewash brush.

TO REMOVE PAINT.—Take 4 tablespoonfuls of spirits of hatshorn, 4 of alcohol, 1 of salt; shake well and apply with a sponge.

TO PRESERVE SHINGLES.—Give them a good coat of petroleum, or West Virginia oil is the best. Apply with a common paint brush.

TO KILL GROUND MOLES.—Take a good muskrat trap (steel trap), file the catch so that it will spring very easy. Put no bait on the trap, but set it in loose earth, bottom side up, in the path of the animal. The mole never walks over any obstruction, but invariably digs under it. The se quel can be imagined.

TO DESTROY CURCULIO.—Dust the trees with powdered sulphur early in the morning when the dew is on; commence as soon as the tree blossoms; two applications a week apart will do. Or hang small bottles filled with carbon bisulphide in the tree.

GRUB AND WIRE WORM REMEDY.—Sod ground that is to be planted to corn should be plowed as early as possible, and harrowed well before planting, and at last rolled; then mark out—two men ahead of the planter, the first man to drop a tablespoonful of potash salts where the marks cross; the next man covers with a hoe, and the third man does the planting. Mr. McCausland, of Iowa, this remedy will probably suit you better than any other.

FOR SCRATCHES IN HORSE.—Wash the diseased parts thoroughly with warm suds, then apply a coat of coach varnish, which will cause a speedy cure to be effected.

TO MARK SHEEP.—Take lamp-black and mix with strong vinegar. A mark put on sheep with the above can be read for a year and will not injure the wool, as is often done with tar or paint.

TO KILL THE POTATO BUG.—Take equal parts of copperas and slaked lime, using five pounds of each for twenty gallons of water, and sprinkle it on the vines with a brush. This is not so dangerous as paris green, besides it benefits the plant.—J. D. LEISURE, Lansing, Mich.

Resumed Cash Payments.

AUSTIN, Tex., May 7.—The state treasury yesterday resumed cash payments all around. About four months ago the treasurer temporarily suspended payment of school warrants, owing to slow returns from the county treasurers. All registered school warrants have been called in, and the treasury is now in a prosperous condition.

—Mild, soothing, and healing is Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

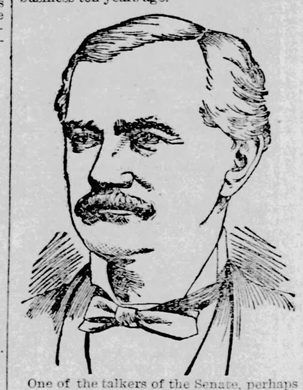
SOME SENATORIAL SKETCHES.

Public Men as Seen in Washington and on the Floors of Congress—Personal Traits of Edmunds, Hoar, Morgan and Beck.

No matter how much is written about public men at the capital they are always the chief objects of interest to those who come here, and everything pertaining to them or their personal traits is eagerly devoured by distant readers. This curious interest is more conspicuously displayed in the galleries of the House and Senate, probably, than anywhere else, because visitors may flock to them at all times during sessions; and not infrequently does the worshipper at the shrine of greatness find himself as much disappointed at the appearance or manner of his idol as was the rural New Yorker recently, who, after having Sen. Evarts pointed out to him, exclaimed: "Is that little cuss Evarts?" The talking men are of course best known, by name, through the daily reports of the proceedings in the newspapers; yet nothing of their characteristic traits are learned in that way. The gallery of either house is an interesting point of observation to the student of human nature, both in its relation to the floor below and the other occupants around him.

One of the most prominent figures in the Senate is Edmunds, of Vermont. He took a seat in that body as successor of Solomon Foot, twenty years ago, and has occupied it continuously ever since. He had been in public life at home for twelve years before he came to the Senate, but has never been in the lower house of Congress. He is now 58, and looks as though he might round out the time in the Senate only served by Benton in the first century of our national existence. From the published pictures of him his figure is almost as well known as that of Washington himself, yet none of them do him justice or present the strong features of his well-marked face accurately. He is fully six feet in height, and, though standing straight, carries his head forward from habit, and not from any physical deformity or stoop. He is not in rugged health, and dresses with great care to guard himself from ill effects of changes of weather. The soles of his boots are fully an inch thick, and he indulges carefully in wraps when coming to and returning from the Capitol in winter. He wears a full beard, kept cut short, and is almost entirely bald. He is broad-shouldered, but not fleshy. His autograph is the only thing funny about him, and each one needs as much interpreting as any specimen of hieroglyphics. He has few intimate, and apparently no confidants. The Damon and Pythias like friendship that existed between him and Sen. Hamlin for the only strong one I have known. Edmunds is to entertaining. He seldom talks over his propositions with any one, and never discusses matters outside of the chamber and committee room. He is called morose and icy. A better explanation of the traits which have given this impression of him, is that he finds it demanded of him own courage and temper to abstain from discussion that would serve no good end, except where duty demands such. That he has temper enough to make him uncomfortable if it was not carefully held in check cannot be doubted. He knows others as restless as he is, and official in everything. Every dime of expense must be vouched by a receipted bill, and the mechanic or dealer who forgets this is liable to be reminded of it for the first offence, and to lose his patronage for the second. His New England habit of cautious expenditure shows itself continually. He does not keep a carriage and never hires one without an agreement as to price. When the Senate adjourns for the day he walks out to the front and of the first hackman who accosts him he asks his price for carrying him home. If the price named is more than fifty cents, he shakes his head and walks straight down to the street car, saying he can ride home in that for four cents. His habits in the Senate chamber are not surrounded with that extreme dignity some might expect. He seldom sits bolt upright in his chair. When thinking or listening he gets himself down in a heap, or bends himself sideways resting it on his hands, often closing his eyes, as apparently better for meditation. In addressing the Senate he is clear and methodical, carrying his habits of addressing a court into the Senate chamber. He takes certain attitudes which are so peculiar to himself that no one has ever essayed to imitate them. His voice is seldom raised above the tone he would use in court, and is not then as smooth as when he speaks in common conversation. He never revises his speeches, and never writes out what he intends to say. He is very accurate in his statements of facts, but when taken unawares in debate without sufficient preparation, he shows that his memory is not an absolute storehouse of facts. Lawyer like, he is not competent to discuss a case without having the papers in his possession. He is a leader rather by the power of his mental organization than by any of those traits that we group under the generic name of personal magnetism.

Senator Hoar has been nearly all his whole life in office of some kind, at home or in Washington, having been first elected to the Massachusetts legislature very soon after he had completed his law studies. Now, at sixty, he seems just in his prime. He is neither above or below the usual height, and called neither stout nor thin. His round plump face shows no lines of care or age, and but for the bald head and almost white hair, it might be taken for the face of a young man of twenty-five. His dress is always plain. He wears his soft felt hat so drawn down on his head as to send the upper lobes of his ears horizontally out into the air, and has a fashion of pulling it down as if he feared some breeze would carry it away. Wearing glasses, he continually throws his head up to see through them, making his round, ruddy chin the most prominent feature. The appearance of doubt and inquiry which his face always has when hurrying along reminds one strongly of Denman Thompson, who is not unlike him in general appearance, when in his worry over the changing of fare bells, he assures us he really believes the town will burn down before he gets near enough to see the fire. Mr. Hoar is far from being a graceful speaker, still he has no glaring faults, rhetoric enunciation or gesture. He seldom gestures at all. Sometimes he moves his hand around as if twirling something, or really twirling a bunch of keys or some minor implement drawn from his pocket or picked up from his desk. A common habit with him is to clasp his hands in front of him, and occasionally he holds them there through successive sentences, but more generally, as he gets warmed up in his work, he enforces his words by pointing the index finger toward the antagonist in debate, or toward the coming climax in his expression. His earnestness is his strong point. He has no conception of jest, and but little of ridicule as a branch of statesmanship either in debate or argument. He is so serious in demeanor if he happens to smile, the smile itself seems to apologize for its appearance on a face where it is not altogether at home. He seldom lets any debate proceed to any great length without having his word to say. He is a good lawyer, a close and cogent reasoner, and is probably as well posted on all the various topics which come up for discussion as any man in the Senate. As chairman of the committee on Privileges and Elections he does not find his mind and time so preoccupied as to prevent his giving all other matters full study, for it is seldom a case of contested elections arises in the Senate. He is proud of his state, and his allusions to her, so frequently made, convey the impression that he knows very little about the others, and what little he does know is not of that nature to make him desire to extend the acquaintance. His partisanship is very strong and he is not popular with the Democrats in Congress. Mr. Hewitt and others on the House side are still harboring resentments for what they believed to be his double dealing in the electoral commission business ten years ago.



One of the talkers of the Senate, perhaps pre-eminently so, the man, who with ready tongue and well-developed views seems prepared for any occasion, and posted upon every subject, is Sen. Morgan, of Alabama. Mr. Morgan is now 62 years old, has been nine years in the Senate, and had no previous legislative experience of any kind. He is of medium height, and frame as straight as in youth. He has a bright, pleasant face, shaved clean except the upper lip, on which there is a moustache kept clipped short, and which, owing to the color, is scarcely noticeable at a distance. His hair is thin and gray. He is pre-eminently a lawyer, a student of every question that arises, a clear-headed, conscientious legislator. He lives near by the Capitol, and is as punctual in his appearance at committee meetings and the sessions of the Senate as though he were under the strict rules of military discipline. He is a firm believer in the old Democratic doctrine of "strict construction" and "designated powers" of the constitution, and seems but little with broad generalities in legislation. He votes for nothing he does not fully approve and allows no clause to slip through without exposing its weakness if it has any, and makes his expositions and criticisms so clear that there can be no mistaking the question. He talks so easily that the temptation is strong to speak frequently, and the common criticism is that Morgan talks too often, but this is the only criticism. His voice is moderately clear, and entirely free from any harshness. He stands erect with his head thrown up, seldom using a gesture or movement to enforce what he is saying. In speaking he seldom repeats, but amplifies, extends and fairly exhausts the subject. He is one of the few senators who never revises his remarks, and there is really small occasion to, for his gift of language, his full mastering of the subject, and careful, unimpassioned diction call for a few corrections and no amendments. His voice never rises above an ordinary pitch, easily heard. There is a monotony of force rather than of expression. Recent severe bereavements have thrown a sadness over his pleasant face, but have detracted nothing from his working force. He often surprises those who know him best by the minute knowledge he has of subjects which it was supposed were new to him. He is a great reader, and has a memory remarkably retentive. He never prepares his speeches beforehand, that is, does not arrange for the delivery of a set speech on some particular bill, but gives to every subject his very best labors, full examination and ready discussion. His recent speech upon the admission of Washington territory was an instance of his thoroughness in treating a subject.

Sen. James B. Beck, of Kentucky, is the only representative of the "land o' cakes" in Congress. He is fully six feet tall, stout, broad shouldered and heavy. Time has dealt gently with him, and while his whiskers, which he wears "half cut"—that is, his broad, ruddy cheeks shaved, and lips, chin and throat covered with a thick beard of medium length—show considerable of gray, his hair, which is thick and curly, is changed but little from its original color of dark brown. A trait of his which is uncommon in stout men, is to drop his head forward, especially when talking. His oratory should be classed as earnest rather than fluent or polished. He never trims a sentence for effect, and spends little time or study on exordium. If he were to write a book he would probable forget the preface. His utterance is not so distinct as to be perfect, and his language is not full, but in force and effect his argument is admirable. The one subject which he delights in discussing is the tariff. Upon this he is always at home. This of all topics he has studied and made familiar as household words. His earnestness has full scope and all phases of the subject are familiar to his mind. He is utterly and unanimously opposed to protection as a feature of National economy, and is always headed with argument to refute it. Unofficially he is social and delights in pleasant repartee. He will not weigh himself down with care, and feels but little Senatorial dignity, but when he reaches the committee room or the Senate chamber he puts on business and elevates his whole mind to the questions that are being discussed. He is very popular with the employes of the Senate, especially with the pages, with whom he always exchanges pleasant words. In dress he is plain and sometimes careless. When returning from a trip in the far west last October, his bronzed appearance and farmer-like hat and dress caused a Chicago reporter to bring him out as the coming granger's candidate for the Presidency. As soon as his attention was called to the item, he said: "Don't the simpleton know that I was not born in the United States!" —and straightway purchased a suit which would not lead to further mistakes of that kind. He is full of sympathies. No one is too lowly for him to notice, and he knows no aristocracy but that of worth and truth. For twenty years he has been the president of the farmer's Kentucky horse association, and is an enthusiastic admirer of horseflesh. When Foxall was making his great triumphs on the English turf, Mr. Beck was in raptures. He gave a truce to tariff, and knotty legislative subjects, and reveled in recounting the qualities of the American horse. In the midst of one of these bursts of enthusiasm a brother Senator—a close friend, of opposite political faith—deeply wounded him by asking whether Foxall was a running or trotting horse. This display of ignorance nearly disrupted a friendship of many years standing.

Business Failures.

NEW YORK, May 7.—The business failures occurring throughout the country during the last seven days, as reported to R. G. Dun & Co., number for the United States 167, and for Canada 25, as compared with a total of 207 last week, and 194 the week previous to the last. The business casualties this week appear to be about up to the average in all sections of the country. In New York City they are very light.

—Sorofula diseases manifest themselves in the spring. Hood's Sarsaparilla cleanses the blood, and removes every taint of scrofula.

News of the Week.

MOODY IN CHICAGO.

He Draws Another Lesson from the Story of Noah and the Ark.

CHICAGO, May 5.—Before beginning his sermon at the Casino Rink last night Mr. Moody made the announcement that he had been requested to preach an old sermon on the subject of "Excuses," and that he would do so. Mr. Towder, accompanied by his wife, then sang a solo, "I've Been Redeemed." Mr. Moody's text was the first verse of the seventh chapter of Genesis: □

The Lord said unto Noah, Come thou and all thy house into the ark.—*Gen. vii., 1.*

Mr. Moody said substantially:

The word "come" occurs 1,900 times in the Bible, and this is the first place in which it is to be found. It is used as a call of grace, a call of mercy. God had told Noah more than a hundred years before the flood that he would destroy the world by a deluge. He destroyed the world to punish sin. Sin will not be permitted by Him to go unpunished; let no man here entertain any such idea. I haven't a doubt that people on Noah's day were just as bad and sinful as they are in our day. Men in Noah's day lived long enough to mature in sin, while to-day the average age of man is about 33 years, and it is asserted that the wicked die first. That is so naturally because of their order of living. Perhaps men in Noah's day were worse—some of them—than we have any idea of. I have no doubt that they said among themselves, just as men say to-day, "There is no God." Some of them, I have no doubt, thought that the world had been created by chance, while others, admitting the existence of a Creator, did not believe him to be one who exercised any watchful care over what He created, and they thought the world was left to take care of itself.

I suppose there are some people present here to-night who are saying to themselves: "I do hope Mr. Moody will not tell that old, worn out story of Noah and his ark and the flood. I don't believe in it." But I tell you that *I do believe in it*, and I shall not give up my belief in the flood until I give up my belief in all the rest of the Bible. God destroyed the world once with water; he will destroy it again, and this time with fire. I believe it as thoroughly as I believe that I am standing here now. God will punish sin. They thought in Noah's time, many of them, that God was too merciful to punish sin, and many of them thought that if it was not possible for Him to destroy the world by water. I have no doubt they had saloons in those days, and if you could have gone into them you would have heard them singing jeering songs about Noah and his ark. They made lots of fun of him while they went about drinking. I believe it was a drunken crowd that was swept away by the flood. They called Noah an old fogy and an idiot. Many of them really thought he was a fool, and they said: "Here is Methuselah (the old man died the year of the flood) who has died without warning us. He would have known about this thing if there were really anything in it; but he died without a word on the subject." They said to themselves: "This building of the ark is all folly; there is no prospect of evil—the world goes on increasing; business is good (they had no strikes in those days), and here we are making money and getting richer day by day. They had millionaires in those days, for men lived long enough then to acquire large fortunes. If our millionaires lived as long nowadays they'd own all of us, I reckon. They had a good deal of sport out of Noah. You see if they had newspapers in those days they would have sent a reporter to write up Noah's lectures to his brethren and put in headings about his crazy talk; for they said he was mad. He was not mad. The world was mad, and he was the only sane man. But it rained pitchforks up at station ten he couldn't have sold it for kindling-wood. The last second came, when God came down and closed the door. Noah didn't close the door; God closed it. No more chance for mercy then. They mocked until they heard the first thunder storm; then they rushed to the ark and knocked, and begged Noah to let them in; but it was too late.

The Bible is our ark, and the day will come when it will be worth all else. Let us get inside the ark—not remain outside another day. The door is wide open—come into the ark! "Come thou and all thy house."

A STRANGE CASE.

How a Rich Old Man Was Sent to the Lunatic Asylum.

BUFFALO, N. Y., May 6.—Amos B. Atwood, of Andover, Allegany county, was brought before Judge Lewis to-day from the Utica Insane asylum upon a writ of *habeas corpus*. His counsel, ex Attorney General of the State, Hamilton Ward, is making effort for his client's discharge on the ground that he is not insane, or never was insane, and that his confinement was the result of an alleged conspiracy on the part of his wife and son, the latter being a partner in the business with his father. Atwood has been in the asylum about four months and is worth about $100,000. His brother who thinks him sane, wants him discharged and will care for him here. His domestic difficulties, which he said had always been more or less unpleasant, began to grow unbearable a few years ago when the first efforts were made to get him to transfer everything over to his wife and son. The latter was given an interest in his business upon Mrs. Atwood's threat that she would not live with him a day unless he did. After that the process of ousting the old man out of his property went on swimmingly. His wife finally made him three propositions which she said he could accept or stand the consequences. The first was to transfer all his property to her and the son on the condition that they would provide for him, or to make the transfer on condition that they would allow him $1 a day and he to provide for himself or to be taken to an insane asylum and locked up as a lunatic. Atwood says he offered to divide up equally with them, but this did not satisfy his family, and from that time his home became a place of torment. His wife, he testified, talked divorce, and frequently told him that she wished he was dead, as she never wanted to see him again." He was arrested and taken to the insane asylum at the request of his family without being allowed to communicate with his friends. He had entrusted letters and messages to the parties who brought him to the asylum, and paid for the delivery, but none had ever been sent. He was sent to the institution on the affidavits of Drs. Knight and Michael, of Wellsville and Andover, but Atwood testified that he was not subjected to an examination as to his lunacy by either, and that he had not seen or talked with Dr. Knight for over a year. In reading the asylum he says he was given a medicine three times a day that looked, smelled and tasted like peach brandy, and chloral every night.

The Founder of Chicago Dying at the Age of 85.

CHICAGO, May 7.—A pioneer of Chicago, whose name a quarter of a century ago was known over a greater part of the city, lies dying in a cozy little home on the North Side. His name is Gordon S. Hubbard. Disease has compelled the removal of both his eyes from his head, and spinal troubles and an abscess in the side are fast sapping his life. He it was who 57 years ago entered the mouth of the Chicago river, and, stepping from his little, open boat, stood on the marshy bank and looked over the swamps on which Chicago now stands. He it was who first settled here and furnished the Indians with supplies at this point. He was Chicago's porkpacker; he built the first Chicago warehouse, he raised Perry's famous flagship, and with it and three other vessels founded the Eagle line, the very beginning of Weslem lake commerce. He was the originator of Hubbard's trail, made across the country to Indiana, where Lake Geneva now stands. Over half a century ago, as agent of the American Fur company, he made the trip between Mackinac and Fort Dearborn 26 times in an open boat.

Hubbard is now over 85 years of age, but will not believe that he is nearing the grave. Last night his aged wife read to him the report of Jeff Davis's tour through the South, and the old man said to a visitor: "I remember Jeff very well. He came here to the fort in 1820, on his way to Fort Winnebago, and I entertained him at my house and played cards with him far into the night."

A Kentucky Sensation.

LOUISVILLE, May 6.—Frankfort, Ky., is enjoying a sensation in a prospective duel which grows out of a controversy between Maj. Lewis E. Harvie, a wealthy and prominent citizen, and Edmund Taylor, a well-known whisky man and mayor of the city. Harvie made a statement before the legislative committee reflecting on Mayor Taylor in connection with the sale of the city gas works. Taylor pronounced it false, and there would have been trouble there but for timely interference. It is stated on reliable authority that Harvie has asked Gen. Basil Duke, the noted Confederate cavalry-man, to be his second, and that he intends to challenge Taylor to a duel.

A NATIONAL HOSPITAL

Without the Use of Alcohol—One Formally Opened and Dedicated in Chicago—Development of the Temperance Idea in the United States.

CHICAGO, May 5.—The National Temperance hospital for the treatment of disease without alcohol at No. 3411 Cottage Grove avenue was formally opened and dedicated yesterday afternoon before an audience numbering about 150. There was an opening hymn, followed by Bible reading and a prayer by the Rev. Dr. Alabaster. Addresses were made by Miss Frances E. Willard, the Rev. Charles Blanchard, president of Wheaton college, and the Rev. Frank Bristol. A letter was read from the W. C. T. U. of Lansing, Mich., conveying the congratulations of that society to the founders of the hospital. Miss Willard, starting out with the text, "Nothing is changeless except change," drew a picture of the development of the temperance idea among the people and its invasion into the field of medicine. The treatment of diseases without alcohol, she said, was no longer an experiment, although this was but the second hospital devoted to such treatment in the world. The first was established in London in 1873, and some statistics cited by Miss Willard go to show that the death-rate in that temperance hospital is 4½ per cent lower than in any other hospital in London. Miss Willard said that Dr. N. S. Davis, of Chicago, Dr. James R. Nichols, of Boston, editor of the *Journal of Chemistry*, and several other physicians of note in this country and in Europe have declared in favor of the abolition of the use of alcoholic stimulants in the practice of their profession. She related a story of a friend of hers who, when offered brandy as a restorative after a fainting fit, had refused it with the remark that she didn't mind dying, but she would not touch the brandy. She is now alive and well, and doing good work in the cause against the "saloonatics," as Miss Willard expressed it. It seems to be Miss Willard's idea that it would be better to die than to take any alcoholic stimulant as a restorative; but the board of Trustees of the hospital had left the way open for the use of alcohol in extreme cases, where it was called for after a consultation of the physicians in charge upon the ground that nothing else could be of any avail.

Miss Willard was followed by the Rev. Mr. Blanchard, who bespoke all good things and success for the hospital, and congratulated all present upon the increased and increasing influence of women in the work of the redemption of mankind. The Rev. Mr. Bristol predicted that his boys would live to see the day when all hospitals would be temperance hospitals. Mr. Plumb, one of the trustees of the hospital, showed the chief points of the building to a *Tribune* reporter. It is a large double house opposite the university, and having Groveland Park on one side and Woodland (a private park) on the other, with an attractive view of the lake from the rear windows. In the basement are the kitchen, furnace and laundry, with other necessary household offices and a sleeping room for the janitor. The other rooms—there are three—will be used, one for the obstetric ward and the other two adjoining as the dispensary, where prescriptions will be prepared at nominal rates for those who are unable to pay. The institution having an idea that the maintenance of the self-respect of patients renders it necessary that they should pay some nominal sum and not stand in the light of beggars. The main floor of the house is devoted to the office and a reception-room, and the remaining space will be utilized as bedrooms. The basement and the upper floor now fitted up. The second floor is of course all bedrooms, one of which is to be arranged as a children's ward. The hospital is to have 30 beds—or at least it has capacity for that number—of which fourteen will be for paying patients and sixteen free. The minimum cost of each bed in the institution is $350 a year, which covers board and nursing, and any person paying that sum is entitled to occupy a bed for a year or to authorize others to do so. The institution is now in charge of a resident physician and a nurse, both women. It is the intention of the management to have members of both schools of medicine in attendance—allopathic and homeopathic—but when patients express no preference they will be placed under treatment with a view to the equal division of work between the two schools. The charter includes all medical college for men and women students, male and women professors, a hospital and a training school for nurses, with such dispensaries as it may be necessary or advisable to establish. The opening of the medical college has been postponed until next year, but the training school for nurses and the dispensary are now in process of opening. The trustees wish to establish four funds: The building fund, the Providence fund, the general expense fund and the college and hospital endowment fund. They have a promise from a friend in Michigan of $5,000 for the first fund to be given within three years.

Both sexes and all classes of diseases, except contagious ones, are taken at the hospital and treated. There is a basement entrance separate from the main entrance to the building, and there is a general aim about the entire establishment to make patients as comfortable and quiet as possible for the inmates.

THE IOWA LIQUOR LAW.

A Desmoines Constables Kills a Man While Searching for Liquor.

DESMOINES, May 8.—The first bloodshed over the attempted enforcement of the new prohibitory law occurred in Desmoines yesterday. A constable named Pierce repaired to South Des

THE LABOR WORLD.

Industrial Troubles All Over the Country—The Terrible Dynamite Warfare in Chicago—State of Affairs Elsewhere Anything But Reassuring.

The week in the industrial world has been a most exciting one, the chief interest centering in Chicago where the red-handed communists and loud-mouthed anarchists, who have for months preached their gospel of riot and bloodshed, stirred up their ignorant foreign followers to a pitch of frenzy, which resulted in a bloody riot during which dynamite bombs were used with fatal effect, a number of policemen and citizens being killed. A number of stores were raided and pillaged during the troubles of the latter part of the week. In Milwaukee, too, the socialists indulged in serious riots which were only quelled by the militia, who fired upon the mob at short range and killed a number of the ringleaders. Cincinnati was threatened with riots and the governor of the state massed three regiments of militia near there and no open outbreak has as yet occurred, and there probably will be none now as the communists have lost all sympathy of the working classes, who repudiate them and their dastardly outrages. The knights of Labor who have applied for reinstatement in their old positions on the railways in and about St. Louis find that their places have been filled, and they are beginning to realize that they were a trifle hasty in going out on strike. Chicago dealers in firearms report that the trade is very brisk, mostly among citizens who in view of the recent troubles desire to protect themselves. The true working men of Chicago have no sympathy for socialists and lawbreakers. There is a general demand, all over the country for the adoption of the eight-hour plan, and in many of the largest manufacturing centers it has gone into operation with successful results, it is said that Herr Most, the bloatuat New York communist is directing operations in Cincinnati, where a number of dynamite bomb factories have been discovered and the contents destroyed.

RIOT, DYNAMITE AND BLOODSHED.

An English Socialist Stirred Up the Mob.

Chicago, May 5.—Sam Fielden, a socialistic Englishman, was the last speaker last night. He harangued the mob in a loud, distinct, methodical way, and what he said the crowd before him. He said: "We who come here to address you are socialists, rebels to the law. Legislation will never help you—never! Martin Foran went to Congress in the interests of labor, and yet he tells you that no legislation can be had for the workingman. When the rich man understands that it is not healthy to live among a lot of discontented workmen, we shall be able to get legislation, and not before."

That the mob was in sympathy with his utterances was evinced by the wild applause which was accorded him.

At this point Capt. Ward raised his club to command the attention of the strikers, and then cried: "In the name of the state of Illinois, I command this crowd to disperse."

As the words left his mouth, a spluttering spark of fire arched though the air from the opening of the alley and over the speaker's wagon. it was the burning fuse of

A DYNAMITE BOMB.

It was well aimed in its deadly mission. It fell directly in the middle of the street, and between the first two double columns of police. The instant it struck it shook the ground it exploded with a terrible, sullen roar. It did its deadly work well. Twenty-nine mangled men fell groaning to the ground. The bomb broke the ranks of the officers. A Gatling gun could not have cut a wider swathe.

A SCENE OF HORROR

followed, the details of which may never be known. Before the officers had time to realize the destruction and death which had been wrought in their ranks, the crowds of anarchists gathered in front and on either side of them, and opened fire with their revolvers at almost point-blank range. The first volley of the mob was quite as fearful in its effects as was the explosion of the bomb, but the officers did not lose their presence of mind. Orders flew thick and fast from the captains and lieutenants, and within the briefest possible space of time they were charging the murderous assassins on every hand, dealing

DEATH AND DESTRUCTION

to them with their revolvers. The Anarchists did not sustain the charge an instant, but fled as soon as they could distinguish the blue coats and bright buttons of the officers through the smoke from their revolvers. It was almost a scramble for life. Scores of men were knocked down by those behind them, and trampled upon like cattle in a car, unable to rise. The

CRACKING OF REVOLVERS

was incessant for five minutes, and only once was anything like a volley fired by either side. This was fired by the anarchists, when the bomb exploded in the ranks of the police, thus showing that they had been carefully drilled beforehand to act in concert. When the officers emptied their pistols they used them as clubs, and it is quite probable that the coroner's jury will develop that some of the strikers came to their death by a fractured skull.

THIS MORNING

There were at the county hospital 27 wounded officers and three citizens. The corps of hospital physicians and nurses with their white aprons stained with blood were moving about with celerity among the suffering men. The regular physicians were aided by a number from the city, and the whole assembly was doing all that was possible for the comfort of the sufferers were beginning to arrive, and their grief added to the solemnity of the scene. Such an extraordinary spectacle in the hospital has never been seen before. It is thought several more of the officers will die before the day is out.

In probing the wounds the physicians found large pieces of zinc. One small thin piece of zinc made a hole in a man's leg as large as a grape shot.

THE RINGLEADERS

Pointed Out and Arrested—Spies, Fielding, and Parsons.

Chicago, May 5.—The words heard on every side this morning are of utter and abhorrent condemnation of the assault made on the police. The occurrences of Monday and last night are ascribed in the public mind to the teachings and recent utterances principally of three men—August Spies, A. R. Parsons, and Samuel Fielding—the speakers of last night.

They have been pointed out by nearly every paper in the city during the past four days, and the tragic culmination on Desplaines street, has only appeared to emphasize these warnings. Their arrest has been repeatedly demanded. When the firing began, last night, Parsons was the only man who was seen to be recognized. He was in the street in the center of Desplaines and Lake streets, the socialists' headquarters, within 150 feet of the point where the deadly bomb was thrown among the ranks of the police.

The firing at the police came from the same quarter, and it is surmised that the criminals obtained their guns and made the socialist hall their rendezvous, and from whence they proceeded to make their assault. They were concealed behind boxes and barrels on the sidewalk, leveling their guns and firing during the confusion which followed the explosion of the bomb.

Parsons was seen in the place, accompanied by his wife and two children, just previous to the assault, and then disappeared with the other anarchists. The police searched for the three men all night, but did not succeed in finding them. A little after 8 o'clock this morning all three were found in a close room in the office of the *Arbeiter Zeitung* newspaper, at No. 107 Fifth avenue. No resistance was offered to the officers when they came upon them. They exhibited alarm, but made no resistance. They were taken quickly to the Central police station, one block away, and up to 10 o'clock the public had not been made aware of their arrest.

They are kept closely guarded, and no one is permitted to see them. It is not known what, if any, charges have been made against them, and what is the exact policy the city authorities intend to pursue. They have in evidence against Spies his guarded but inflammatory utterances in his newspaper, in which he has, within the past few days, urged a guerrilla warfare against the police and all the regularly constituted authorities. His direct connection and that of his companions in the events of the past two days appears very clear.

Mayor Harrison reasserts his ability to preserve absolute peace in Chicago without outside help. He argues that the occurrence of last night could not have been foreseen, and was an unparalleled event in American history. The entire police force is on duty to-day, and its members are, apparently, in first-class condition. While their duties have been arduous, the fact that the department is equipped with numerous patrol wagons, they have been able to reach the scenes of disorder without the fatigue consequent upon a strictly marching body. The police are accorded by the entire press the most unstinted praise for their discretion, bravery and excellent discipline, in the face of unusual assaults by the criminal element. The only published criticism upon the mayor was in his not forbidding the assemblage of last night, and similar ones during the preceding three or four days. Thus far, to-day, no proclamation has been issued forbidding all future gatherings, but it is assumed by the press that this will end for some time any assemblings by the red flag advocates.

RED-MOUTHED ANARCHISTS.

Their Idea of a "Free" Country—Freedom to Kill and Burn.

Chicago, May 6.—As an illustration of the character of some of the alien Socialists and their ideas of freedom, the *News* this morning prints the following: A reporter who speaks the Bohemian language, mingled yesterday with the crowd that was encouraging the boys to break Rosenfield's drug store windows, and engaged one of the men in conversation. The man said he could not see why it is that men could not do as they think best. He had come to this country because the agent who had told him to emigrate had promised him he would come to a free country. He had come here with the idea that this country was a free one, in which a man could do what he pleased. Now he had found out that the police in this country were just as bad as those in Europe, and protected the property of the rich, which the workingmen wanted to destroy, because they wanted to compel the rich to become their equal. Therefore, he hated the American police as much as he did the officers in Europe, and thought it just to kill them and the spies.

Rosenfeld being a spy, they had driven him from the neighborhood, and were now doing their best to demolish the building which gave him shelter.

Later in the day a big deep-chested, red-mouthed anarchist stood at the corner of Evergreen and Leavitt streets, haranguing a small crowd, and advocating the annihilation of the police. This fellow, however, was an Englishman. A policeman appeared on the scene and dispersed the crowd. The orator refused to move. The policeman promptly felled him with his club, and dragging him to the corner, propped him up against the patrol box until the wagon came.

At the station the man gave the name of Robert Johnson. In his pockets were found a number of needle cases and a scrap of paper on which was written: "Please, madam, I am deaf and dumb. Buy my needles. I don't want to beg." Johnson said he was a socialist to the backbone, and that it did not interfere with his principles that he had to "work a little fake" for his living.

PARSONS AND HIS WIFE.

The Noted Anarchist Writes a Blood-and-Thunder Letter.

Chicago, May 8.—The rumored capture of the fugitive anarchist Parsons last night proved to be unfounded, but that he is still in the vicinity of Chicago the following letter, published this morning, plainly shows:

"Mr. M. E. Stone editor *Daily News:* I want to speak a word through you to my fellow workers, just to let them know that I am still in the land of the living and looking out for their interests, and further give a few hints to some of the fellows who desire to live on anarchists, that may be for their welfare. In the first place, I am watching the papers and also knowing chaps who give the pointers as to my whereabouts, some of whom will make good subjects for a coroner's inquest one of these days, should they persist in their present course.

"To the public, I desire to say that the devil is never so black as you paint him. I will, in due time, turn up and answer for myself for anything I may have said or done. I have no regrets for my past conduct, nor pledges for the future, if there is to be nothing but blood and death for the tribes of America. Whenever the public decide to use reason and justice in dealing with the producing class, just at that time will you see me. But should the decision be to continue the present course of death and slavery, just so long will I wage relentless war, in all organized force, and all endeavor to find me will be fruitless. Watching my wife and her kind friends is of no use. I am dead to them already. I count my life already sacrificed for daring to stand between tyrants and slaves.

"To show you how well I am kept posted I know of your meeting to be held at 7:30 to-day. I was not there. I know who put you on the track of Glasgow, and just where to find him. Just say to that man for me that his day of reckoning will soon come."

The anarchist then says that the only way to stop these deeds of blood is to enforce the law against the rich thieves and grant every fair demand of labor. He adds:

"But if this is not done, I have thousands of brethren who will sell their lives just as dearly as I will mine, and at just as great a cost to our enemies. I shall wait just a long as I think necessary for the public to take warning, and then I will be your own fate. It must be liberty for the people, or death for capital. I am not choosing more. It is your choice, and your last. I love humanity, and therefore die for it. Now I can do no more. Every drop of my blood shall cost an avenger, and woe to America when these are in arms. I have not yet slept, nor shall I, until I sleep in death. My fellow-men are on the road to liberty."

When visited last night, Mrs. Parsons was reticent and defiant. She insisted that her husband was not in the city, and that he was not implicated in the death of the detectives. Mrs. Parsons was born in Texas, and married the noted anarchist in Houston, a dozen years ago. She is 33 years old. She came to Chicago with her husband about ten years ago.

Mrs. Parsons is of Mexican and Indian origin, with a possible trace of Ethiopian blood in her veins. She is of a swarthy complexion, darker than an ordinary mulatto, but without the olive tint of the half-bred Ethiopian. Her hair is abundant and rebellious, waved, but not kinky. She has the high cheek bones of the Indian, strongly marked, and a long, pointed chin. Her eyes are as black as ebony. She is tall and angular. She is a self-possessed speaker, and a fluent one. Her socialistic harangues are the most violent and vindictive of all the orators of that persuasion.

She has often said that the ambition of her life is to fire the engine that shall run for the guillotine so cut off the heads of capitalists.

"That is my religion," she asserted last night, as her eyes flashed with a dangerous gleam. She is thoroughly conversant with the doctrines of the communists, and is capable of making a terse, logical argument, though her utterances are usually in the epigrammatic savagery. She is a remarkably strong willed and determined woman, of a fair education, and no ordinary ability. She has two children living, a boy of 7 and a girl of 4 years.

Powderly's Opinion of Anarchists.

Scranton, Pa., May 6.—General Master Workman Powderly vigorously denounces the Chicago anarchists and their desperate work. In an interview he said: "The scenes of bloodshed and disorder which have occurred in Chicago are disgraceful, uncalled for, and deserving of the severest condemnation and punishment. Honest labor is not represented in the ranks of those who array themselves under the red flag." He added that it is the duty of every organization of workingmen in America to condemn the outrages committed in Chicago in the name of labor, and said the workingman have a more powerful weapon than the bullet in the ballot. The anarchist idea is un-American and has no business in this country.

"Can you speak with any authority as to the attitude of the trades unions towards those disreputable doings in Chicago?"

"I can. There is not a trades union in America that will countenance wrong-doing or uphold the men who have been engaged in such scenes of bloodshed and destruction of property as those reported from Chicago. The aim of the trades unions is to protect and elevate labor, and not to degrade and destroy it, as the Anarchists have attempted to do."

Mr. Powderly spoke with feeling and was deeply indignant when discussing the scenes of the past few days in Chicago.

The Dead and Wounded Socialists.

Chicago, May 5.—The scene in the cell-room where the dead and wounded socialists were strewn about on the bare floor was a sight for an artist. In a shadowy corner behind the stairway lay the only corpse in the motley group, its pallid face and glazed eyes turned toward the ceiling. This man had been picked up dead, and nothing was found on his person by which he could be identified. His garments were soiled and ragged, and his features bespoke him a Bohemian or Scandinavian.

Just at the foot of the stairway, where those who descended were compelled to step over his outstretched legs, lay another man, apparently with only a spark of life left in him. He moved occasionally, and groaned, and when an officer bent over him to ask him where he was hurt, he delivered and muttered: "I'm freezing to death."

An old man with a long iron-gray beard, had a wound in his head. While it was being dressed he sat stolidly on a bench, and refused to talk to any one. One of the youngest of the group had a bullet in his arm, near the shoulder. He sat in a chair, stripped to the waist, while the surgeon was at work on him, his thin lips compressed, and his eyes gleaming like those of a wild beast as they wandered from one to another of the faces of police officers and visitors who were looking on.

Tornado in Indiana.

Connersville, Ind., May 10.—A tornado passed through Wayne county, thirteen miles north, last night, destroying everything in its track. One woman and two men, names not known, are reported killed.

THE NATIONAL CAPITAL.

Work Accomplished in Congress—Review of the Week—General News of Interest In and About Washington.

Hereafter the daily sessions of the House of Representatives will begin at 11 o'clock. The assignments of the week are as follows: Monday (after the call of States)—To the Committee on the District of Columbia, for bills of local interest, the most important of which is that providing for a bridge across the Potomac. Tuesday—To the Committee on Private Land Claims. Thursday—To the Committee on Agriculture. Saturday—To the consideration of the joint resolution proving for a commission to inquire into Indian affairs.

There are, however, a number of important measures not thus far provided for, among them the Inter-State Commerce, the Electoral Count and the Land Grant Forfeiture bills, which were made "special orders" for dates long passed, whose supporters will contest the floor with some of the committees named, while the Army and the Navy appropriation bills are likely to be pressed and cause a further disarrangement of the assignment. Again, it is among the possibilities of the week that a long discussion may arise upon the subsidy amendment to the postoffice bill, the President's message regarding private pension bills, or the proposition to permit the offering of amendments to general pension bills, to provide in each for taxation to meet its own required expenditures. The tariff debate is not now expected to begin this week.

The Senate has unanimously consented to devote Tuesday to the discussion of the Inter-State Commerce bill, and to vote upon the measure before adjournment on Tuesday. It is the understanding that the General Pension bill shall be taken up, and that the Blair-Scott bill, the open session resolutions, the Chinese Restriction bill, and the Pacific Railroad Debt Extension bill shall follow in their order. It is possible, however, that not more than one or two of these measures will be disposed of during the week. The Appropriations committee has the Agricultural, the Pension, and the District of Columbia appropriation bills under consideration, and its sub-committees have made such progress that one or more of them may be brought in speedily, if desired, but none are likely to be reported or brought up for action this week.

PENSION MATTERS.

Presidential Vetoes—Decision by Comptroller Maynard.

Washington, May 10.—The President vetoed two private pension bills, one of which, for the increase of a widow's pension, is vetoed on the ground that the general law would give the increase from the date of its passage, while the special act gives it only from a date about two months later.

The immediate reason for the other veto is a mistake in the name of the beneficiary. In it the President takes occasion to state his views with regard to the subject of special legislation by Congress, and to suggest that a Congressional committee has better facilities for examining pension claims than the bureau for the purpose, and suggests that if it has facilities the law should be changed, or if it is found that the bureau is unjust in its action, the organization should be changed.

Comptroller Maynard has rendered an important decision under the additional bounty act of of July 28, 1866. The decision is to the effect that every soldier who enlisted after April 14, 1861, for a period of not less than two years, and was honorably discharged after serving two years, for the purpose of enabling him to accept a commission, is entitled to the additional bounty of $50 authorized by the thirteenth section of that act, provided he was not entitled to any greater bounty than $100 under laws existing at the date of the passage of the act, and provided his claim was filed at the time. This decision is not applicable to any claims for such additional bounty which were not filed until after July 1, 1881, the time for filing such claims having expired by limitation on that day.

Sen. Payne's Case.

Washington, May 11.—Mr. Hoar presented a memorial of the Republican Central Committee of the state of Ohio, charging that the election of Hon. Henry B. Payne to the United States senate was secured by bribery, fraud and corruption, and requesting that the senate investigate the matter. Referred to the committee on Privileges and Elections.

Pensions and Bounties.

Washington, May 11.—The Senate committee on pensions to-day adopted a resolution calling on the commissioner of pensions for an estimate of the outlay required under the Ingalls bill for the removal of the limitation to the arrears of pension act. The Senate committee on military and militia to-day ordered a favorable report on the Logan bill for the equalization of bounties.

The Chinese Question.

Washington, May 11.—Rep. Morrow has received a monster petition from the Knights of Labor of California. It is over 2,000 feet long, and contains the names of over 50,000 persons. It prays for action on the part of Congress, either by appropriate legislation or by a change in the present treaty with China, if that be necessary, to forever prohibit the further immigration of Chinese to the United States.

Must Pay Duty.

Washington, May 11.—The Mayor of New Orleans made application to the Treasury department for the free entry of certain blocks of Mexican marble which were presented to the city by the Mexican government, and which are intended for the decoration of the city parks. He was informed in reply that the only articles which are exempt from duty, when imported for presentation to municipal corporations, are specified in the tariff act as "paintings, statuary, fountains, and other works of art," and as the blocks of marble in question are not embraced in the list mentioned the department is unable to grant the application.

The Garfield Monument.

Washington, May 11.—Several months ago a committee appointed by the society of the Army of the Cumberland selected the site at the intersection of the Capitol grounds and Pennsylvania avenue, west, in accordance with this plan to be removed to some other spot and a monument to Christopher Columbus stake its place. The House has not yet acted upon the plan, but the Senate some two months ago adopted a resolution for the purpose.

Mexican Pension Bill.

Sen. Logan offered an amendment to the Mexican pension bill, which among other things repeals the restrictions upon the payment of arrears of pension to soldiers and sailors of the late war in respect to claims filed prior to July 1, 1880, and confers the right to a pension upon persons disabled from any cause other than their own carelessness or vicious conduct, who served three months, if they are dependent for support upon their own labor. The amendment also increases all classes of existing pensions.

The Educational Bill.

The substitute bill reported by the House committee on Labor for the educational bill referred to that body does not meet with the approval of the friends of the Blair bill, and it is regarded merely as a scheme to defeat the latter. The substitute proposes that a certain portion of the proceeds of the sales of public lands be set apart for educational purposes each year. There seems to be no hope that the Blair bill or any other educational scheme like unto it will be passed by the House, and Willis and others who have been foremost in the fight, are about to give it up in disgust.

A War on Negroes in Texas.

Brownwood, Tex., May 8.—Notices were found posted in various parts of the town to-day, reading as follows: "All negroes are ordered to leave here on short notice, or they will be roughly dealt with. The negroes are on the north parts of Brownwood on Saturday evening will be roughly treated. We mean business."

Business men without exception denounced the threatened expulsion, and said they would defend the negroes in their rights so long as they behave themselves. The railroad contractors here have received written notices warning them not to employ any more negroes.

Eight Thousand People Homeless.

San Francisco, May 10.—Advices received by the steamer Alameda from Honolulu give an account of a disastrous conflagration which occurred there. Eight entire squares, comprising 60 acres of the most thickly populated portion of the Chinese quarter, were destroyed. About 8,000 people, mostly Chinese, are homeless. The loss is estimated at a million and a half dollars; insurance $230,000. Only two lives were lost.

OHIO'S SENATE AT WORK.

The Fugitive Senators Still Away, But There is a Quorum and Business Can Go On.

Columbus, May 11.—The will of the people of Ohio as expressed at the October election has at last been put into effect. This will be the first time that both branches of the General Assembly have had a Republican majority since the session opened in January. Nearly four months and a half were spent in investigations, and when the Democrats found that their Senators from Hamilton county were not entitled to seats, they still refused to submit to justice and right. After it became evident that the Republicans would not stand such foolishness much longer, the venerable O'Neill, president *pro tem.*, led the van and the defenders of fraud and forgery deserted their posts, some of the Democratic senators going to Chattanooga, Tenn., while two, Dodd and Groschner, representing the Toledo district, fled to Detroit, Mich., thus leaving the Republican senators at the state house and without a quorum.

Such a course to break a quorum and stop the wheels of legislation is held in contempt by the press and people throughout the state. It has had a demoralizing influence on the Democratic party, and the effect will be shown at the polls this fall. The Republican members of the Ohio Senate convened and without transacting any business, went into caucus to consider the special order—the Hamilton county contest cases—and seat the four Republican claimants by a *viva voce* vote before it was officially ascertained that there was no quorum present. The caucus decided to pursue this course, and the members came into the chamber again, when the journal of each day since Tuesday was read, and declared approved. Sen. Pavey moved to take from the table the report of the Republican members of the Senatorial investigating committee, which was agreed to by a viva-voice vote, and then the resolution submitted by the same committee was adopted, which recommended the seating of the four Republican claimants. The resolutions were adopted by a unanimous vote, and the new Senators came forward and took the oath of office, amid a storm of applause.

Just what the runaways intended to do is not known. It is quite likely that after fishing grows wearisome they will return and bring their grievances before the court.

ABOUT A BUCKEYE BOY.

The House Devotes a Whole Day to the Private Calendar.

Washington, May 8.—After routine business, yesterday, the House went into committee of the whole on the private calendar.

The bill which gave rise to the most interesting discussion was one paying $200 to F. W. Haldeman. The report states that during the war Haldeman, then a boy of 12 years of age, desired to join an Ohio regiment, but was refused a muster on account of his age and size. He, however, purchased, a uniform and served in the regiment a year, acting as a bugler and performing scout duty. He is said to have performed gallant service.

Mr. Bragg, of Wisconsin, in a sarcastic speech, opposed the bill. He ridiculed the idea of a boy going to be mustered in, fulfilling scout duty, and doing gallant service. The great patriotism which had been displayed by the boy seemed to have oozed away, and he had become a beggar, asking money from the government. A touch of sentiment was added to a picture of a battle scene, by placing in the foreground the picture of a dead drummer boy with his drum beside him. But it was only sentiment. In reality the drummer boy at the beginning of a battle could be seen breaking the head of his drum and running to the rear to do hospital service. One of the most glorious memories of the war was of the noble women who became nurses in order to alleviate the sufferings of the soldier, but now women were found coming to the war claims committee begging that their gratuitous services should be coined into dollars and cents. That knocked all the sentiment out of the thing. He wanted some of the rich memories of the war preserved. He did not want them all brought down to dollars and cents.

Mr. Johnston, of Indiana, maintained that a lad, though he might be too young to be mustered in, could do good service in a regiment, and instanced the case of two boys in his regiment, who had been with it at the battle of Richmond, Ky., and who had performed their duty gallantly. They did as much for their country as did the man who led the Iron brigade, and who now attacked a boy who bared his breast to save his country. The gentleman from Wisconsin (Mr. Bragg) had attacked the nurses in the army. A poor woman had given up her service to her country and now, with health shattered and means gone, asked the country to do something for her, was it not as honorable for the government to help her, as to raise the pension of a general's widow from $30 to $50?

A vote was then taken on an amendment to the bill, but a number of its opponents refrained from voting, and the committee qeing left without a quorum, rose. The House then took a recess until 7:30 o'clock.

At the evening session the House passed 59 pension bills and adjourned.

ON THE MOVE.

Indian Territory Cattle Being Moved Out as Rapidly as Possible.

Dallas, Tex., May 6.—United States Marshal Cabell has heard from Ben Cabell, a special marshal appointed by Att'y Gen. Garland to assist Capt. Lee Hall, Indian agent, in suppressing the job of expelling all cattle illegally grazing in the Indian Nation. The order under which these men are working includes all the cattle in the territory not belonging to Indians or naturalized white citizens of the territory. Many of the cattlemen are in arrears with the Indians for pasturage, and several thousand head of cattle are being held by the soldiers to prevent their being rushed across Red River before the rent is paid. The task of rounding up these cattle and removing them from the Territory is a stupendulous undertaking, but the work is progressing smoothly and quietly, and not a jar or semblance of ill-feeling has arisen to be heard from. Ten United States Marshal and a small army of sheriffs will come down on the cattle like so many wolves on the fold as soon as they put hoof on Texas soil, and thus get rid of a lot of musty papers they have long had in their possession.

Mr. Robert Stevens, of Gainesville, who was in the city, speaking of the expulsion of the cattle kings from the territory, said it would utterly ruin some of them, and work a hardship on all of them. There are fewer deeds of trust and mortgages on these cattle than is popularly supposed, and rascality did not play half so important a part in their going to the territory in the first place as the papers had made it appear. A comparatively small portion o the whole number of the cattlemen of the territory are in debt, and during last year they discharged large amounts of their indebtedness, and if let alone another year they would have paid out entirely. But very few herds of Texas cattle have ever been sold under the hammer. This shows the stability of the cattle business as compared with other business. He doubted if any other business with an equal amount of capital invested had been as little troubled by sheriffs and United States marshals. As a matter of course the creditors of the cattle men will want their money, or security as soon as the cattle come over the border, and doubtless many of them will be sold, and as always under forced sale, at a sacrifice. The owners of the cattle subjected to forced sale will be ruinched. The question that will interest the purchasers of the cattle thus sold, and the owners of those not burdened with debt, will be where are they to find range for so many catttle all at once. This will bear hardly on them for a time. The only outlet for them is through Greer county and up the trail. There is always room for more on the ranges of the Northwest, especially, as they are very cheap. Mr. Stephens says that the soldiers have so far about 15,000 head rounded up beyond Red river.

Southern Methodist and Baptists.

Richmond, Va., May 8.—The centenuary conference committee of the M. E. conference which undertook to raise $2,000,000 for various church purposes, made a most satisfactory report. It has received $1,382,771, and there are influences at work which will result in the collection of even a larger sum than first mentioned.

Montgomery, Ala., May 8.—The Southern Baptist convention met yesterday. Rev. Dr. Mell was elected president. Ex-Gov. Thomas H. Watts delivered an eloquent address of welcome. He said one source of regret was that there was any division. He hoped there would soon be one Baptist convention of the United States. Fifteen states are represented by over 500 delegates.

Augusta, Ga., May 8.—The fifth general conference of the Colored Methodist Episcopal church of America is now assembled in this city, Bishop W. H. Miles, of Louisville, presiding. Delegates are present from fifteen states.

A Missouri Cyclone.

Kansas City, Mo., May 11.—A cyclone visited here at noon to-day. The court house was demolished, and a number of persons hurt there. The Lathrop school was wrecked and many children killed and injured. Twenty-five persons are reported killed.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

Gladstone's Manifesto—The War Cloud in the East—General Notes from Abroad.

The event of the week in English politics has been Mr. Gladstone's manifesto to his Midlothian constituents. He apologizes to them for not making a speech during the Easter recess, and earnestly appeals for their support on the Irish measures. He gives a long history of the attempts to conciliate and coerce Ireland, and referring to the present conflict says: "On the side adverse to the government are found, as I sorrowfully admit, in profuse abundance, station, title, wealth, social influence, and the profession, or a large majority of them—in a word the spirit and power of class. These are the main body of the opposing host." Affairs in the East have a more threatning aspect and the indications now point to a Turkish entrance by way of Larissa. The Greek reserves at Volo and Valestine have been pushed to the front. The regiment designated the King's Escort is ready to start for the front. The government has announced its intention of defending Greek territory against any and all advances by foreign soldiers. Two battalions of the Athenian garrison have already started for the front. The soldiers went out with great enthusiasm. They will embark at Laurium, in order to avoid the blockaders stationed to cover the other water routes. The populace are enthusiastic over the prospect of war.

THE LAND PURCHASE BILL.

Michael Davitt and the London News on Gladstone's Schemes.

London, May 9.—Michael Davitt has written a letter to the *Daily News*, in which he says that the difference between Chamberlain and Gladstone being irreconcilable, the proposals of the latter are acceptable. If Chamberlain's proposals prevail, the struggle will continue to intensify. If Irish representatives sit at Westminster, there will be constant friction. Of the two evils of paying tribute and sitting at Westminster, it is better to choose the former, which is the lesser evil. By a stroke of genius, inspired by the angel of peace, Gladstone has recognized the Irish national idea, and it is to be sincerely hoped that he will not give way to Chamberlain.

The *Daily News* renews its argument in favor of the Land Purchase bill, on the ground that last year's land act authorized a British credit of £5,000,000 for the purpose of buying estates for small holders, and contained a provision that the act should be renewed when required. Therefore, continues the *News*, that £5,000,000 was only an instalment. Radical opposition was then unthought of. The right security for repayment was inferior to that of Gladstone's present proposal, which provides an ample guarantee for the whole of the money instead of for only one-fifth, as previously. The Radicals appear to shy at an empty difference. The former act proposed to relieve tenants; the present bill proposes to relieve landlords. Land legislation has previously failed from lack of vigor and resolution. If grappled with firmly, all difficulty will disappear.

THE FISHERIES QUESTION.

American Seamen Arrested for Fishing in Canadian Waters.

Halifax, N. S., May 10.—At twilight last night six American fishermen entered Digby basin, ostensibly for bait. Their captains and crews were on shore during the evening and they say that the Bay of Fundy is generally visited by United States fishermen. They state that they are after bait and can do nothing unless they can get bait here. They have done nothing at all so far this season and they intend to run all risks. They are not the owners of the vessels. They expressed a wish to be seized as well as the Adams, as they only care to bring about an issue so that the governments will do something. They admit that unless they have the privilege of procuring bait they must give up fishing for a living. Commodore Scott, before leaving for St. Johns in the Lansdowne, ordered the other fishermen in the basin to put to sea.

Pasteur's Patients.

Paris, May 7.—Miss Amelia Morosini received her third inoculation of attenuated virus yesterday. She is the 953d patient, and the first American lady thus far inoculated. She is in excellent health, and seems to enjoy the treatment and is greatly amused at the varied nationalities of her fellow patients—Circassians, Greeks, Russians, Arabs, Turks, Roumanians, Cabylere, Portuguese, Tartars, and Brazilians—the whole in quaint costumes and of strange tongues, which makes M. Pasteur's laboratory resemble a sort of Jardin d'Acclimatation. By special arrangements with M. Pasteur Miss Morosini's subsequent inoculations will be made by Dr. Grancher at her hotel.

About Irish Affairs.

London, May 11.—A blue book has been issued containing the important acts of Parliament of the last century in relation to Ireland. They are four in number and are the act of 1719, the object of which was to better secure the dependency of the kingdom of Ireland on the crown of Great Britain; the act of 1782, which repealed the former measure; the act of 1783, which was intended to remove the doubts as to the jurisdiction of the Irish Parliament, and last the act of the Union.

Lord Hartington has consented to introduce in the House of Commons a motion to reject Gladstone's home rule bill on its second reading.

Affairs in Greece.

Athens, May 10.—The king has written a letter to Premier Delyannis, holding him responsible for the present condition of affairs in Greece.

The foreign fleet, with the exception of one vessel of each power, has left Iuda Bay, and has completed the blockade of the Greek coast.

London, May 11.—The porte has notified the powers that a party of Greek irregulars is advancing toward the frontier, and that Turkish troops have been ordered to repel it. The Ottomen bank will advance the porte $3,750,000.

Secession in Canada.

Halifax, N. S., May 9.—In the House of Assembly last night the secretary gave notice of a motion that the members of this branch of the legislature of Nova Scotia are of the opinion, and do hereby declare their belief that the financial and commercial interests of the people of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island would be advanced by those provinces withdrawing from the Canadian federation, and uniting under one government, or, in default of that, that Nova Scotia again become an independent province of Great Britain.

A TENNESSEE TRAGEDY.

Mother and Two Daughters Shot Down—Suicide of the Murderer.

Nashville, May 8.—Information has just reached here of a triple tragedy which occurred yesterday at Madder Hill, a small village fifteen miles from Gallatin, in Sumner county. Among the residents of Madder Hill were Mrs. Nels Johnson, a widow, and two daughters. To one of them Polk Martin, a well-known character, had been paying much attention, and it was apparent to the people of the neighborhood that the two were much attached to each other. It became known recently that on account of the jealous disposition of one of the sisters, trouble had arisen in the family, and that Martin's friendship was rapidly turning to hatred.

Martin, having brooded over the matter until he became desperate, armed himself and proceeded to the home of the Johnsons. Soon after he entered the house a quarrel arose. Martin shot Mrs. Johnson, inflicting a serious and probable fatal wound. An instant later he turned the weapon upon one of the daughters, and fired, the girl falling a corpse. The murderer then turned his attention to the remaining girl. She too was shot, the wound being mortal. Martin, after surveying the prostrate forms of his three victims, shot and killed himself. Mrs Johnson and her remaining daughter, though suffering intensely, told the story of the crime.

Cattle Quarantine.

Springfield, Ill., May 7.—Gov. Oglesby has issued a proclamation prohibiting the importation of cattle into the state from the territory lying south of the 36th parallel and west of the Mississippi river, and also that portion lying east of the Mississippi and south of the 35th parallel, between the first day of April and the first of November, except on conditions prescribed by the State board of Live Stock commissioners. The proclamation does not prohibit carrying cattle through the state on railroad trains, nor the shipping of them in for immediate slaughter, but prohibits their importation for feeding or grazing purposes.

A Kansas Waterspout.

Kansas City, May 7.—Dispatches from towns in Kansas and Missouri report great damage by tremendnous hail and rain storms. Near Emporia, Kas., a waterspout overtook B. B. Jacobs and family, while riding in a wagon, and swept away the vehicle and occupants. Mrs. Jacobs and child were drowned.

Daniel Grissenger, from Pennsylvania, 52 years old, was drowned in Salt River, Prescott, Arizona Ty., while crossing with his sixteen mule team. He has a brother and sister living in Illinois, and his partner, Geo. C. Carey, lives at Phoenix, Maricopa county, A. T.

Dakota.

ST. PAUL, May 6.—In the Dakota constitutional convention at Sioux Falls, yesterday, a resolution was adopted that if Congress shall adjourn without action upon the claims of Dakota for division and admission or division, the constitutional convention shall assemble and submit to the people at the November election the question of the repeal of section 32 of the constitution which prohibits the legislative, judiciary or executive departments from exercising any powers until recognized by Congress.

Market Column.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK'S BUSINESS.

Financial.

OFFICE OF THE TOLEDO BLADE, Wednesday, May 12, 1886.

The following is the statement of the New York banks for the week ending Saturday:

Loans—Decrease	$ 638,100
Specie—Decrease	2,057,800
Legal tenders—Increase	1,025,900
Deposits—Decrease	478,700
Circulation—Decrease	27,800
Reserve—Decrease	912,325

The banks now hold $11,113,225 in excess of the 25 per cent. rule.

The following shows the change in Governments during the past week:

	May 11.	May 4.
4½s coupons	112¼	112⅜
4s coupons	125¾	126
3s registered	100⅞	101⅛
Pacific 6s of '95	127½	127½

The BLADE'S afternoon dispatch, dated Wall-street, 3 p. m., says: The stock market has been firm since 12 and closed firm to steady, aqout the best figures of the day.

Trade.

During the past week business was generally of fair proportions, yet the strikes interfered with business in many places. When the labor troubles are over business is expected to greatly improve.

THE MARKETS.

Close a Litte Firmer at All Points.

At the different grain centers to-day business in wheat was active. Prices opened weak and gradually declined until about the middle of the trading, when there was a recovery and the tone was fairly firm at the close. The indications are that there is a scalping movement on foot, and that as soon as the crowd has been milked there will be a declining market. At present there is nothing of importance in the condition of affairs to record.

On Tuesday of last week, No. 2 soft red Lake Shore wheat was worth 88c in this market; on Wednesday, 88½c was the recorded price; on Thursday it noted 88¼c; on Friday it marked 88c; on Saturday it closed at 88¼c, and on Monday it noted 87½c, a decline of ½c within the week.

During the past week the grain markets of the United States had a declining tendency and at the close on Monday the market showed a decline in wheat of ½ to ¾c, as compared with the close on Tuesday of last week. The causes that led to the weaker feeling were: Widespread labor troubles, fine prospect for the coming harvest; disappointing exports, and the death of the leading broker, Mr. Woerishoffer in New York, on Sunday night. The visible supply does not decrease rapidly as expected, and unless this takes place and the exports increase, wheat will yet go to a lower basis. The resumption of business by the settlement of strikes may keep times steady, but at present there is nothing in the situation to warrant an advance. Scalping will be the order of the hour until something occurs to cause a marked change.

The Toledo Markets.

At the Toledo Produce Exchange to-day cash wheat sold light, at a decline; No. 2 soft red, in Union, 88c; No. 2 soft red Wabash and D. & M., 84c, 1c decline; No. 2 white wheat, 83c.

For future deliv